W. B. Smith

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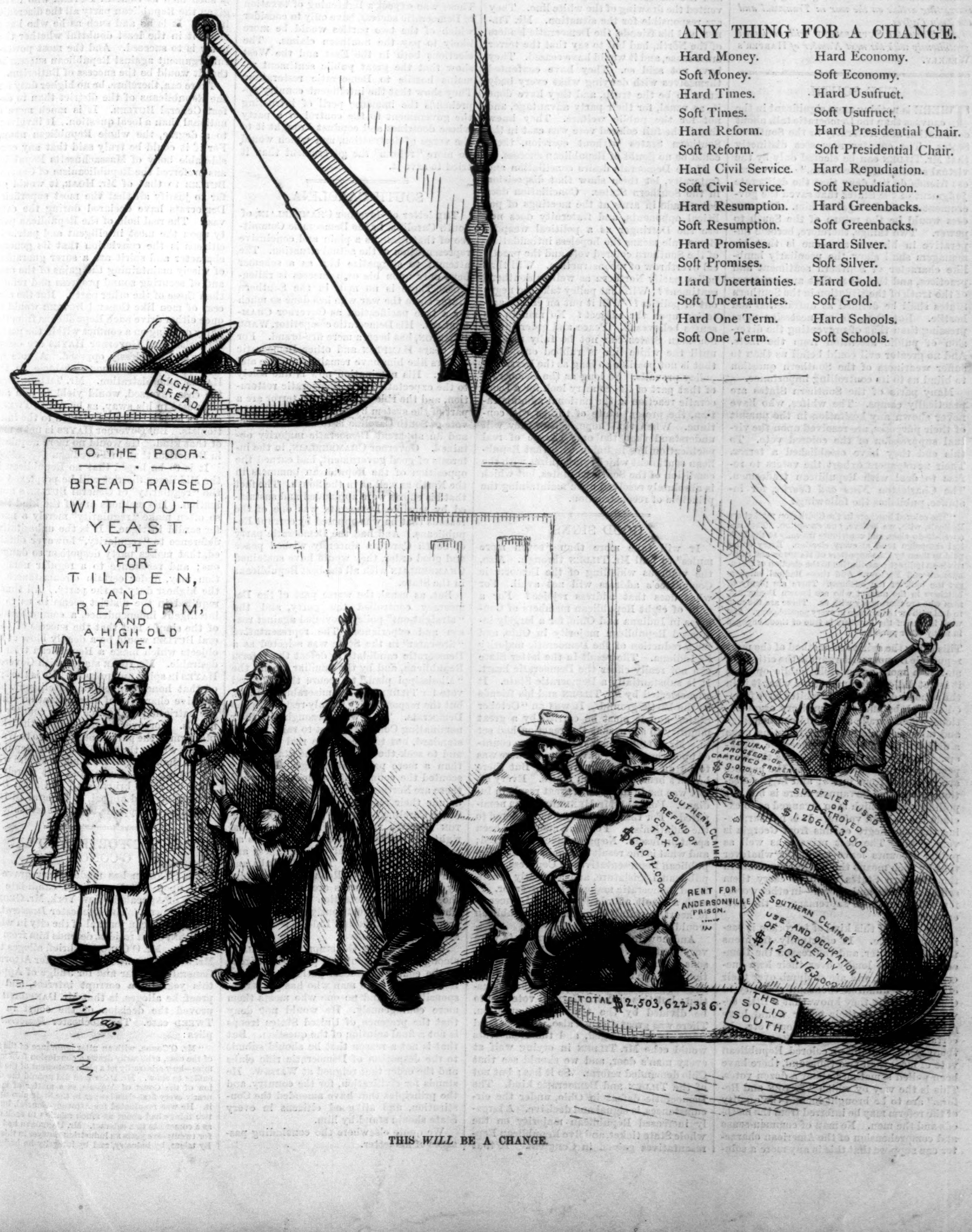
ANY THING FOR A CHANGE.

Hard Money.	Hard Economy.
Soft Money.	Soft Economy.
Hard Times.	Hard Usufruct.
Soft Times.	Soft Usufruct.
Hard Reform.	Hard Presidential Chair.
Soft Reform.	Soft Presidential Chair.
Hard Civil Service.	Hard Repudiation.
Soft Civil Service.	Soft Repudiation.
Hard Resumption.	Hard Greenbacks.
Soft Resumption.	Soft Greenbacks.
Hard Promises.	Hard Silver.
Soft Promises.	Soft Silver.
Hard Uncertainties.	Hard Gold.
Soft Uncertainties.	Soft Gold.
Hard One Term.	Hard Schools.
Soft One Term.	Soft Schools.



THIS *WILL* BE A CHANGE.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1876.

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains several fine engravings, and an interesting article on the war in Transvaal and the Zulu Caffres.*

An illustrated SUPPLEMENT *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE SOUTH.

THERE is nothing more significant in the canvass than the Democratic talk about conciliation and fraternity in the Southern States. The country now sees distinctly that Mr. TILDEN can be elected only by the virtual solidity of "the South." His warmest friends do not deny that the deliberate judgment of the States that saved the government would be against him. His success would be the return of the South to power. Two things, therefore, become imperative in his canvass—one is that his managers shall show the peculiarly lamb-like character of Southern sentiment and practices, and the other that any exposure of the truth of the situation in the Southern States shall be derided as unfraternal and hostile. But there is no necessity more pressing than that of preventing the diversion of public attention from the facts. And no greater evil could befall us than to suffer weariness of the Southern question to blind us to its controlling importance.

Many parts of the Southern States are practically camps. The whites, who have never shown any hesitation in the pursuit of their purposes, are resolved upon the virtual suppression of the colored vote. To this end they have established a terror. Their newspapers exhort the voters to refuse to deal with Republican tradesmen. The Charleston *News and Courier*, for instance, publishes the following:

> "The colored butchers in the Charleston market are Radicals, with, we believe, one exception. They are a well-to-do class, and contribute liberally to the Radical campaign fund at every election. Every dollar paid to them by the supporters of HAMPTON and SIMPSON is an indirect contribution to the election of CHAMBERLAIN and ELLIOTT. And these Radical butchers get the bulk of the business. There are plenty of butchers in the market who are known Democrats, men who are thoroughly with us. These are the men to deal with and encourage in every possible way. And what is true of the butchers is true of those engaged in many other pursuits."

This being the spirit and method of the most reputable Democratic organs in the cities and amidst a more responsible public opinion, it is not difficult to understand what it is in the remoter districts. The whites have formed rifle clubs and other military organizations, which parade at Republican meetings and take possession of them, insisting upon a division of time with Democratic speakers. In Georgia, which is cited as the most peaceful of the Southern States, the negroes are excluded from juries; and in the election precinct of Savannah there is but one polling place, which is so arranged as to exclude the colored voters. It is not surprising that the negro exodus from Georgia is very great. The best private as well as public accounts leave no doubt whatever that by such means the white Democrats in the Southern States mean to carry them solid for TILDEN and reform—in other words, for white Southern supremacy in the government.

The effect of this kind of terrorism is easily conceivable. It effectually frightens the colored voter, and the reason the Democrats exult so loudly over their lean success in Indiana, and are so dumb over their eighty or a hundred thousand majority in Georgia, is that they know that a little severer pressure of their terror would have given them a virtually unanimous vote. In certain counties in Southern States where there is an undoubted colored Republican vote of more than two thousand, there have been polled sometimes about a dozen votes. This is the way by which "TILDEN and Reform" are to be brought in, and the quality of the reform may be inferred from the methods and the men. No man of common-sense and comprehension of the American character can suppose that this is any more a solution of the question of the South than it is of that of reform. The Democratic party simply asks the country to suffer the system and principle of reconstruction to be overthrown. That party has already declared it to be void, and it hopes now to make it so. And of necessity this question commands the canvass, and it is a question raised not by the Republicans, but by the Democrats.

If Mr. TILDEN and his friends wished to concentrate the attention of the country upon the financial issue or that of administrative reform, their policy was to secure fair play in the Southern States. They did not attempt it. Why? Because they knew that fair play would prevent a solid South, and destroy all chance of Mr. TILDEN'S election. The Democratic leaders could readily prevent the harassing of Republican meetings and the harrying and terrifying of negroes every where in the Southern States. They could have prevented the Ku-Klux and the massacres. They could have prevented the drawing of the white line. They are responsible for the situation. Mr. TILDEN and his friends, the Democratic leaders of the North, had but to say that the terror must cease, and it would have ceased. They have not said so. They have contented themselves with denying what every body knew to be the truth, and they have done it, as usual, for their party advantage, and not for the public welfare. They knew that if the full colored vote was cast in the Southern States without coercion, there could be no doubt of Republican success.

If the Democrats desire conciliation and fraternity, let them show that disposition in the Southern States. Conciliation does not parade in arms at the meetings of political opponents, and fraternity does not use the Derringer as a political weapon. Home rule means the hopeless intimidation of the Southern colored vote and the practical overthrow of reconstruction. Will that policy pacify Northern as well as Southern sentiment? Will that policy take the negro out of politics? Will it put an end to agitation upon the subject? No man in his senses believes it. Peace and order in the Southern States can not be fully reached until the white line is rubbed out. And that is not possible so long as the Derringer policy prevails. So long as the Democrats of that part of the country look for a Democratic reaction in the national administration, the present state of things will continue. When that hope is lost, they will understand that the only chance of real pacification lies in union with that Republican sentiment which sympathizes with the condition of the Southern States, but which is absolutely resolved upon maintaining the principle of reconstruction.

GOOD SIGNS.

IT will take more than "seven more mules" to pull Mr. TILDEN through. Also, the vigorous whistling of the Democratic Committee's address will not avail. For what does that address rejoice? For a gain of eight Republican members of Congress in Indiana and Ohio, for a largely increased Republican majority in Ohio, and for a reduction of the Democratic majority in Indiana. The result in the latter State can not really cheer the Democratic heart. It is substantially a Democratic State. It was selected by Mr. TILDEN and his friends as the battle-ground. It was an "October State," and it must be carried by a great majority to show that the reaction had set in. Mr. TILDEN and his friends have counted upon that. They have thought there was to be an avalanche, a freshet. But there haven't been even seven mules. Every effort was made to secure a great result in Indiana. For that, Mr. HENDRICKS was nominated. For that, Mr. TILDEN surrendered to the inflationists. For that, money has been spent profusely. No pains have been spared; and what is the result? A gain of three Republican Representatives in Congress, a Republican Legislature, and a greatly diminished Democratic majority for Governor. If such a result affords joy to the Democratic heart, certainly no humane Republican would grudge it.

And how in Ohio? The Democrats were very confident. They had a hundred reasons. Chief among them was the declaration that the State was carried last year by the united German vote on the school question; but this year the German vote was to be divided by the temperance question. There was great disgust, also, with the hard times, it was alleged, and the Democrats would echo Mr. TILDEN in crying wolf at every man's door, and we should see that Ohio demanded reform. So it has; but not of the TILDEN and Democratic kind. The Democratic defeat in Ohio, under the circumstances, is signal and decisive. A largely increased Republican majority on the whole State ticket, and five Republican Representatives gained in Congress. If that shows Democratic reaction, let us have more of it. No wonder that it was decided to invest in seven more mules. But in vain. There is not mule power enough in the country to pull Mr. TILDEN through.

And let every voter reflect that Mr. TILDEN'S only chance lies in the Southern vote solidified by terror, and two or three Northern States. The judgment of the great North, of the old Free States that saved the government against Mr. TILDEN'S doctrines enforced by JEFFERSON DAVIS, is against Mr. TILDEN'S election. If New York stands fast, he has no chance. He represents the last hope of the old Democratic party, and once more thoroughly beaten, that tenacious obstruction to peace and prosperity will begin to disappear. Those who think that the Southern trade might be recovered and propitiated by a Democratic success, must see that trade can not revive while society is disturbed, and disturbed it must be in the Southern States so long as the Derringer is the Democratic argument. Those who expect a lightening of taxation in Democratic success, have only to consider which of the two parties would be more likely to pay the Southern claims. The elections both in the East and the West show that the great public sentiment remains hostile to Democratic restoration. They show that the intelligent country apprehends the immense peril of intrusting the government to the control of a party whose doctrines and conduct brought it to the verge of destruction, and which would no more "reform" the government than it tried to save it.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

THE letter of Governor CHAMBERLAIN, of South Carolina, to the Democratic Committee of that State, is a plain and conclusive representation of the actual situation. The attempt to stigmatize him as a schemer bent only upon his own success is ridiculous. There is no man in the Southern States since the war who has done so much for a true pacification as Governor CHAMBERLAIN. His Democratic competitor, WADE HAMPTON, has been a mere fire-brand. For ten years HAMPTON and other Democratic leaders like him have remained passive and sullen. His nomination now is due solely to the expectation of a Democratic restoration, and the rifle clubs and the terror are a part of the system by which the Republican vote of South Carolina is to be intimidated, and an apparent Democratic majority obtained. Governor CHAMBERLAIN, in the interests of good government, had earned the opposition of the Republican bummers in the North as well as in the South. The fact that his efforts were applauded and sustained by sensible Democrats was one of the reasons that he was opposed by corrupt Republicans. And had the Democratic party of South Carolina sincerely wished peace and good order, they would have sustained CHAMBERLAIN with all the best Republicans in the State.

But, as usual, the worse part of the Democracy controlled the party, and the "straight-out" policy prevailed against reason and experience. The representative "fire-eater" in the State was selected as a Democratic candidate to defeat the reform Republican, and by the familiar means, the "Mississippi plan," to secure the electoral vote for TILDEN. It is a miserable business, but the responsibility plainly rests with the Democrats. They were besought in their nominating Convention not to raise the old standard, but to accept the real situation, and to seek the welfare of the State rather than a mere party advantage. But they scouted the counsel of common-sense; and there are Northern newspapers which try to delude their readers upon the situation in South Carolina by saying that WADE HAMPTON declares that he will protect equal rights. How long is it since he and his associates were telling of the happiness and harmony of slavery? The rifle clubs and the armed control of Republican meetings by mounted Democrats are a specimen of the Democratic protection of equal rights. The facts are industriously denied by the organs of "TILDEN and Reform;" but they are facts, nevertheless.

We bespeak for Governor CHAMBERLAIN among all intelligent and patriotic citizens of the country the most patient consideration. There is no man who has graver responsibilities, and no one who meets them more courageously. He would not deny that the presence of United States troops is not a final solution of the question. But that is not a reason that he should submit to the despotism of Democratic rifle clubs and the order that reigned at Warsaw. He stands for civilization, for the country, and the principles that have amended the Constitution, and all good citizens in every State should stand by him.

We quote elsewhere the concluding passages of his letter.

REPUBLICANISM AGAINST BUTLERISM.

IF General BUTLER were a candidate for the Presidency, there is no doubt that he would be summarily defeated by the votes of Republicans. He represents neither the Republican character nor purpose, and he scoffs at the Republican platform. But the reasons for Republican votes against him as President are equally valid for voting against him as Representative in Congress. The Republicans of the Lowell district in Massachusetts have an opportunity of showing what they understand Republicanism in this contest to mean. There are two candidates, one of whom, Mr. HOAR, represents the principle and character and purpose which have made the name Republican honorable and trusted; the other, General BUTLER, represents all the dark ways and tricks and political dishonor and corruption, the responsibility of which some Republicans have thrust upon the whole party. It is such men as General BUTLER who have given the Republican party all the discredit it has. It is he and such as he who have made it in the least doubtful whether the party is to succeed. And the most powerful argument against Republican success is that it would be the success of Butlerism.

There can, therefore, be no higher duty for the Republicans of the district than to defeat General BUTLER. It is much more a national than a local question. It involves, to a degree, the whole Republican name. For if it could be truly said that any considerable body of Massachusetts Republicans preferred the Republicanism of General BUTLER to that of Mr. HOAR, it would go far to justify all that the most superficial Democrats have declared during the canvass. The real hold of the Republican party upon the most intelligent and patriotic citizens is the conviction that its general character and spirit are a surer guarantee of wisely maintaining the gains of the past and of securing sound progress and reform than those of the other party. But the success of men like General BUTLER would at once either drive such Republicans from the party or bring on a conflict within the party. Butlerism and Governor HAYES are essentially and hopelessly opposed. A vote for BUTLER is an enormous obstacle to the HAYES administration. Mr. TILDEN, were the case reversed, would yield to him and acquiesce in his sway, as he did to TWEED, and as he has just now yielded to the inflationists. But Governor HAYES is not a man of that kind. He would no more acquiesce in Butlerism than in Tweedism.

It is to be hoped that no Republican in the Middlesex district will be perplexed by the "regularity" of General BUTLER'S nomination. His methods are of the kind that so often make "regularity" merely a name for sordid intrigue. It is the unhesitating deference to "regularity," however obtained, that makes party despotism so dangerous; and resistance to a regular nomination may, under certain circumstances, be the highest duty to the party. All that is required in the district seems to us to be intelligent independence, a comprehension of the simple fact that the success of General BUTLER would be a deadly blow at the objects which make a Republican triumph desirable. Mr. HOAR stands with Governor HAYES in spirit and purpose. He is the type of that honest, inflexible, intelligent, progressive character of administration which the patriotic intelligence of the country demands. Moreover, he stands upon the whole platform of the party, and would go to Washington with a thousandfold truer Republicanism than General BUTLER, to secure what all honest men desire, and not merely to "stir up rebel brigadiers," and form SANBORN rings, and appeal, as General BUTLER boasts that he appeals, to "men's selfishness."

MR. DANFORTH AND MR. O'CONOR.

MR. O'CONOR has made a very grave attack upon the Republican candidate for Judge of Appeals in New York, Mr. GEORGE F. DANFORTH. The Rochester *Democrat*, an able Republican journal of the city in which Mr. DANFORTH resides, defends him from the assault. Mr. O'CONOR, in brief, alleges that Mr. DANFORTH was nominated for Attorney-General last year and for Judge of Appeals this year by a corrupt interest, and the proof, he alleges, is that Mr. DANFORTH approved the decision of the court in the TWEED case. The Rochester *Democrat* replies:

> "Mr. O'CONOR, with an utter ignorance of the facts of the case, arbitrarily draws a conclusion from a premise—how arbitrarily let a plain statement of the truth suffice to show. Mr. DANFORTH did uphold the decision of the Court of Appeals, as a matter of law, as nearly every first-class lawyer in the State also upheld it. He was nominated for Attorney-General, but the two things had about as much relation to each other as a comet has to a cataract. Mr. DANFORTH had been for twenty-five years an industrious lawyer in this city. By talent, by industry, and by integrity he had risen

to eminence in his profession, and had become confessedly the peer, at least, of any member of the bar in Central and Western New York. He had never held a public office of any kind, although frequently urged to accept political honors. His worth as a man was commensurate with his ability as a lawyer. Upon his reputation no stain had ever rested. It was under such circumstances and with such a record that the Convention of the Second Assembly District of Monroe County, called to elect delegates to the State Convention, without the slightest outside pressure, and without the previous knowledge of Mr. Danforth himself, requested the State delegates to present his name as a candidate for Attorney-General. The publication of the resolution to this end received the immediate indorsement of neighboring counties, and ultimately that of the State Convention—and this without the raising of a finger by Mr. Danforth in his own behalf. It was a spontaneous movement of his friends and neighbors, commending itself to the larger circle of his admirers in whose hands the decision rested. We state the exact truth about this matter, as this community well knows, and as Mr. O'Conor might have known had he taken the trouble to inform himself.

"The recognition Mr. Danforth received in the last campaign, the general attention drawn to his merits, made him prominently a suitable candidate to present for Judge of the Court of Appeals this year. The movement to this end also originated at his own home—and this again without the slightest inspiration from himself, as the writer of this article is in a position to testify. It might do even Mr. O'Conor good to know how exalted is the estimate in which Mr. Danforth holds the place for which he is presented; how he regards it as a place which should never be sought, but which also should not be declined, if in the judgment of his fellow-citizens a man is worthy to fill it; how modestly he esteems himself in connection with it; and how free he is from entanglements or pledges of any name or nature. It might also do even Mr. O'Conor good to know how well qualified for the office Mr. Danforth is regarded by those who know him best, and know how subservient he holds his stores of legal learning to the promotion of justice and of equity. Even Mr. O'Conor admits that Mr. Danforth has 'long maintained a conspicuously high personal and professional character.' And yet with that absurdity of logic into which Mr. O'Conor is betrayed, he would deprive Mr. Danforth of all the advantage of 'high personal and professional character' because he differs with that gentleman in his interpretation of a delicate and debatable point of law."

A VIOLATION OF LAW.

In commenting upon the entire futility of the explanation that has been offered of Mr. Tilden's failure to render a proper return of his income, we incautiously said that he violated no law in so doing. But we were mistaken. The law distinctly commanded the return to be made. It gave him no "option," as Mr. Sinnott incorrectly alleges, but explicitly declared it to be the duty of the citizen to make the return. If the return was not made, the law required the officer to ascertain the income as well as he could, and to add a penalty to the tax. Mr. Tilden's action, therefore, was illegal, and there can be no question of its object. We know of a return made by a New Yorker who did not decline to countenance the Union Square meeting, and who did not give money to publish the worst Copperhead literature during the war, as Mr. Tilden did. The next year the New Yorker, being out of the country when the returns were made, was assessed as in the previous year. But returning and ascertaining the fact, he insisted upon making an accurate statement, and returned a taxable income four or five times as large as that of the previous year, and paid the tax. This is what an honest patriot did, and this is what Mr. Tilden did not do.

Allusions to these facts are classed as "campaign rubbish" by a certain kind of political philosophers, and Mr. Godwin is reported in a public speech to have described those who call attention to certain undeniable facts in Mr. Tilden's career as "dirty dogs." But if the dog be dirty who says that an honest income return ought to have been made, what is to be said of the dog who refused to make it? He can hardly be described as a dog with a keen scent for reform. We said before that Mr. Tilden evaded the purpose of the law. We now add that he distinctly violated the law. Whether he violated it for the benefit of his country or for his own pecuniary advantage, will not be an open question with those who are familiar with all the circumstances. A great many men, we are told, did the same thing. Possibly. But no one else is a "reform" candidate for the Presidency.

GOVERNOR CHAMBERLAIN'S LETTER.

We speak elsewhere of the position of Governor Chamberlain in South Carolina, and we invite attention to the following extract from his letter to the Democratic Committee. Its quiet and firm tone shows a man who, under extreme difficulties, is master of the situation. In the course of the letter Governor Chamberlain had proved the entire illegality of the armed Democratic organizations, and had recited incontestable evidence of their purpose. He proceeds:

"I come now to your demand that if I believe that lawlessness and terrorism prevail in the State, I should call upon you and your party to suppress it, before I appeal to the government of the United States. I am familiar with this demand. I have heard it here and have heard it abroad. It is made the occasion of constant reproach that I am Governor of the State and yet can not and do not preserve the public peace. General Hampton and his followers are seeking to profit politically by uttering this reproach, and declaring their easy ability to maintain the peace of the State. I shall answer your demand with perfect plainness of speech. The reason I can not and do not maintain the peace of the State, and suppress lawlessness and prevent terrorism, is solely because the Democratic party are the authors of the disturbances of the peace, the lawlessness and terrorism, which they now reproach me with, and demand that I shall allow or invite them to suppress. Qui custodes custodiet?

"To intrust the protection of those who are to-day endangered by the present disturbances to the armed, mounted, unlawful Democratic rifle clubs would, in my sober judgment, be as unnatural and unfaithful in me as to set kites to watch doves, or wolves to guard sheep.

"Actual lawlessness is, in my judgment, and upon the evidence before me, prevalent to-day in several counties and sections of the State, and I believe, upon the best attainable evidence, that it has already resulted in the killing of from forty to fifty defenseless and unresisting Republican voters. Terrorism, resulting from lawlessness and violence, extends far more widely; and in support of this statement I repeat here the remark made to me two days since by a white Democrat who had crossed the country from the vicinity of Robbins Station, through Barnwell County, to Blackville, that 'he did not see a "nigger" man any where.' But when, in view of this lawlessness and terrorism, you and your associates mock me with the demand to put it down by calling on the white armed Democrats who are the authors of it, I answer that you are welcome to the political advantage such a demand may give you, but I shall yield to no such demand so long as I hold the office of Governor.

"You know, as I know, that the Republican voters of this State are not organized for successful resistance to the aggressions of the Democratic rifle clubs. You know, as I know, that to call upon the colored Republicans alone to suppress this lawlessness and terrorism would be to invite or precipitate a conflict the result of which would be to increase rather than suppress the lawlessness and terrorism which now exist. In such an emergency my only reliance for effective physical force must be upon United States troops. I have struggled long and hard to avoid a resort to this agency. I have hoped against hope that a sober second thought would come to those who govern the Democratic party, strong enough and just enough to relieve me from the necessity of action which must inflict great temporary injury upon the material interests of the State. But I am invested with large and extraordinary powers by the laws of the State to meet extraordinary emergencies.

"The Executive of the United States will do his duty, and I shall do mine, and it shall be seen by the world whether the right to a peaceful and free ballot by the citizens of this State, conferred and made inviolable by the Constitution and laws of State and nation alike, can be trampled under foot by any combination or party of men in this State. The people of this State know that I am not a rash or unjust man, that I am tender of every private and public interest and right; but they know also that I am accustomed to doing my duty, without haste, but without fear."

PERSONAL.

From a biographical sketch of Prince Gortchakoff and Prince Bismarck, published in the October number of *Blackwood's Magazine*, we extract this "personal:" "Prince Gortchakoff, born in 1798, is a man of varied classical acquirements. Pouchkin, the great national poet, his fast friend, foretold his splendid destinies, hailing him as 'Fortune's favored son.' The favors, however, were tardily conferred; for the future chief, although at an early age he entered the Foreign Office, continued to fill a secondary appointment till he was over fifty years of age. He first attracted the attention of the Emperor Nicholas as plenipotentiary at Stuttgart, where, 'by dint of skill and dexterity, he succeeded in establishing the Grand Duchess Olga [the daughter of Nicholas] in the royal family of Würtemberg.' Bismarck, born in 1815, could hardly, with all the advantages of the University of Göttingen, compete in classical learning with Gortchakoff; and for twenty years it was a serious question with the more formal and pedantic Germans whether the hero of Sadowa had ever passed his government examination. His early tastes had led him to hunting, riding, gymnastics, and duels, although he possesses 'a very ample knowledge of his Bible, his Shakspeare, his Goethe, and his Schiller.' Though neither a writer nor an orator, his obscure and confused style is often lit up by life-like and original expressions, which strike and penetrate and remain indelibly engraven. He could never bow his neck to scholarly tasks, nor endure the regular work of a soldier's life. His first ten or twelve years were filled with miscarried schemes of every description. The petty manœuvring, the puny struggles for influence, the tittle-tattle and small incidents by which he was surrounded, irritated and exasperated him, and in 1858 he almost decided upon giving up his diplomatic career."

—The Rev. Mr. Talmage having retired from the position of editor of *The Christian at Work*, his place on that paper has been taken by the Rev. Dr. William M. Taylor, pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle Church, in this city. Dr. Taylor is not only an able and eloquent preacher and lecturer, but a vigorous and trenchant writer, and carries into his new position abilities certain to command success.

—From a graphic sketch of Mr. Spurgeon, in Mr. Edmund Yates's London *World*, we quote the following paragraph: "It is difficult to say where Mr. Spurgeon may be considered most at home; for his time is spent in moving quickly to and from the Tabernacle, the Pastors' College, the schools, almshouses, and orphanages of which he is the guiding spirit. Perhaps the most hard-working man on the Surrey side of the Thames, he finds but little leisure for taking his ease in his house in Nightingale Lane—a quiet nook hard by Wandsworth Common. He passes his life, when not actually preaching or working, in a pony-chaise, varied by occasional hansom cabs. Wrapped in a rough blue overcoat, with a species of soft deer-stalker hat on his head, a loose black neck-tie round his massive throat, and a cigar burning merrily in his mouth, he is surely the most unclerical of all preachers of the Gospel. Yet that short, thickly built man, with the shock head of hair hardly yet touched with gray, with ample brown beard covering his heavy jowl, and a thin line of mustache above his capacious mouth, is the famous preacher for whom, when yet a very young man, no building could be found sufficient to hold his congregation, to whom the attempt to get them into Exeter Hall appeared like putting 'the sea into a tea-pot;' a preacher, but not a priest; Mr., not the Reverend Mr., Spurgeon, who declares that he 'is not a priest, and does not wish to be thought one.' Twenty years ago, when all denominations of Christians went to hear Spurgeon, the successful young preacher wore his dark brown locks combed flatly down, and with the white neck-tie beneath the heavy features, presented an appearance made familiar by the caricaturists of the day, who delighted to make him as much like Chadband as possible. At that period he always preached in a white cravat, but of late years has abandoned that last relic of sacerdotalism, and has thrown his hair roughly back, to the end that naught savoring of the clergyman should appear in him."

—Mr. Frederick Saunders, the accomplished first assistant librarian of the Astor Library, and author of several most appetizing literary "Salads," says that to show the unprecedented growth of books and libraries within the limits of the United States, it will be sufficient to compare the following estimates: In 1850 there were 15,615 libraries of all kinds in the United States, containing 4,636,411 volumes; while in 1870 the total number of libraries returned was 164,815, containing 45,528,938 volumes. With this imposing array of figures, indicative of such an unprecedented advance of popular institutions of learning, before him, the reader will be hardly willing to indorse Alison's strange assertion that "Americans are wholly regardless of historical records and monuments." Rather, is it not a matter of gratulation that we have been from the earliest times characteristically a reading people, more books having been printed in the United States than in any other country of the globe? Mr. Saunders also mentions that Aristotle was the first who is known to have founded a private library. The famous Alexandrian Library was founded by Ptolemy Soter, and afterward sent to Pergamus by Marc Antony as a present to Cleopatra. The first Athenian library was founded by Pisistratus; the earliest Roman, by Lucullus and Pollio. The first public library in this country was founded 250 years ago in Jamestown, Virginia; next was Harvard, founded in 1632; then the City (now the Society) Library of New York, founded about the year 1700; Yale College Library, in the same year; the Franklin Library, in 1731; etc., etc.

—The report that Mr. Delane will shortly retire from the editorship of the London *Times* excuses a reference to a statement which has been going the rounds relating to the Births, Marriages, and Deaths column of the great journal. It was said that those were at first inserted gratis; but Mr. Walter, the then proprietor, thinking that a Benedick might very well pay a trifle for the announcement that he had volunteered into the "noble army of martyrs," fixed a tariff of half a crown upon each epithalamium—the money to go to the printers. One morning at breakfast Mrs. Walter suggested that the sum realized in this way would fit in very nicely to her pocket allowance; and her husband, seeing with the eyes of his wife, diverted the revenue accordingly. At the subsequent transfer of property, it was found that the triple record of human weakness and mortality was worth fully four thousand a year.

—The Rev. Llewellyn Bevan, of London, has been called to the Brick Presbyterian Church (late Dr. Spring's), of this city, at a salary of $6000, and the occupancy of No. 10 East Thirty-seventh Street, which has been purchased for a parsonage. Mr. Bevan is a Welshman, and graduated with high honors from New College, London. He is spoken of as being a man of unusual intellectual force and eloquence, and of very genial manners.

—The London *Examiner* states that six translations have been published of Bret Harte's novel, *Gabriel Conroy*.

—A new English periodical—the *Japan Fortnightly Review*—has been established at Yokohama, where several English papers are already published. It says that the Mikado daily furnishes new proofs of his rupture with the old Oriental traditions. Except at great festivities, he always appears in European garb and in a chimney-pot hat, which is, perhaps, not the best reform in dress that could be devised for an Eastern country. The Mikado, though in general a friend of progress, has also taken a leaf from the book of some European governments by the suppression, through a decree of the Home Office, of three Japanese periodicals. Foreign journals published at Yokohama may indulge in any criticism they like.

—When Charles Dickens was in this country the last time, a wise and witty American, in the course of a long talk, confessed a hearty admiration for the *Tale of Two Cities*, asserting that it was, in his opinion, the very best of all his interlocutor's books. Said Dickens, frankly, "I think so too."

—Francis P. Blair, Sen., who died on the 18th ult., at his country-seat, Silver Springs, near Washington, was one of the notable men of the time during the administrations of General Jackson and Mr. Van Buren. The *Globe* was in his hands a veritable government organ, giving tone to the party journals of its faith, and demanding that they be kept in tune with their leader. The time was auspicious for such domination. It was before the days of railways and telegraphs, when intercommunication was slow and newspapers needy. Of the men who have had editorial control at Washington, Mr. Blair was by far the ablest, not only as a writer possessed of a clear, classic, trenchant style, but as a counselor who was thoroughly familiar with the political sentiment of the country, and whose judgment was to be relied upon. His death leaves Mr. Thurlow Weed the only survivor of some half dozen very remarkable journalists, who for thirty years exercised imperial sway over the parties with which they were identified.

—Among other much-talked-of people seen and interviewed by the Rev. Dr. Field, of the *Evangelist*, during his journey around the world, was Brigham Young. He represents that peculiar prophet as a man of large frame, square built, with a massive head and compressed lips, showing firmness in every line, yet with not an unkindly expression of countenance. His head shows a large brain locked up within his protruding temples. Dr. Field seemed to be greatly impressed with him, and does not believe all the hard things that have been said about him. He believes him to be rather a deceived man than a deceiver. He thinks that when a man has 100,000 men shouting in chorus that he is the prophet of God, he would be more or less than human if he did not come to believe it himself.

—*Felo-de-se* seems to be coming into vogue in the English House of Lords, three members of which having within the last six years committed suicide—Lord Walsingham, Lord Delawarr, and more lately Lord Ribblesdale. The last, Lord Russell's son-in-law, aged forty-seven, was known as a dissipated man. Lord Delawarr destroyed himself in a fit of love-melancholy, but Lord Walsingham's self-destruction remains one of the most mysterious of its kind. Within a month after the Prince of Wales had paid him a visit at his seat in Norfolk, Lord Walsingham, without any known reason for the act, destroyed himself.

—Colonel Robert Ingersoll, of Illinois, who within the last few months has sprung to the foremost rank of American public speakers, was born in Dresden, a small town in Northern New York, and is forty-three years old. When three years old he was baptized in a theatre in this city. His father was then preaching in the theatre, his church having been destroyed by the great fire. At ten years of age he went West, studied law, and was admitted to practice before he was of age. In 1862 he went to the war as colonel of the Eleventh Illinois Cavalry. In 1866 he was appointed Attorney-General of the State by Governor Oglesby. In 1868 he was spoken of for Governor. Since then he has been engaged in the practice of his profession—in which he has been extraordinarily successful—until the Cincinnati Convention drew him out, and he electrified the country by his nomination of Blaine. In 1862 he married Miss Eva Parker, the daughter of a farmer of Groveland, Tazewell County, Illinois, a rare woman in any age. An affectionate, tender, true-hearted, and loving woman, she transformed the reckless, careless, heedless genius into a great-souled, strong-brained, versatile, and pure-minded man. Two daughters are the result of this union. Few households equal this in strong but tender affection, manifested simply and naturally, without affectation and without concealment. When he goes on any long journey, his family always accompany him. Together they went to Europe, together they made the campaign in Maine and New York. Nor is hers the masculine intellect that partakes of all his triumphs and drives him forward because she is ambitious. Dress and society and place and position are things she cares as little for as he. In intellect she doesn't strive to be his peer, but in all womanly qualities, in devotion to him, in wifely regard, in the domestic virtues, she surpasses most women as much as in masculine strength and vigor he surpasses most men, and he repays this affection with a constancy, a care and attention, a delicate deference to her wishes, and a loyal devotion to her that reveal the ideal lover of the romantic school. There is, however, in all this no sentimentality and no gush.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

President Grant, October 17, issued a proclamation commanding the South Carolina rifle clubs to disperse within three days. The following order was immediately issued by the Secretary of War to General Sherman:

"War Department, Washington City,
"October 17, 1876.

"*General W. T. Sherman, commanding U. S. Army:*

"Sir,—In view of the existing condition of affairs in South Carolina, there is a possibility that the proclamation of the President of this date may be disregarded. To provide against such a contingency, you will immediately order all the available force in the Military Division of the Atlantic to report to General Ruger, commanding at Columbia, South Carolina, and instruct that officer to station his troops in such localities that they may be most speedily and effectually used in case of resistance to the authority of the United States. It is hoped that a collision may thus be avoided; but you will instruct General Ruger to let it be known that it is the fixed purpose of the government to carry out the spirit of the proclamation, and to sustain it by the military force of the general government, supplemented, if necessary, by the militia of the various States.

"Very respectfully your obedient servant,
"J. D. Cameron, Secretary of War."

Advices have been received at the War Department that General Terry will immediately leave Fort Abraham Lincoln in pursuit of the hostile savages.

The following is the official vote for Secretary of State in Ohio: Milton Barnes (Republican), 317,856; William Bell, Jun. (Democrat), 311,410; E. S. Chapman (Prohibition), 1799. Total vote, 631,065—an increase of 38,386 over the vote of 1875 for Governor, and 163,642 over the vote for Secretary in 1874. Washington W. Boynton (Republican), has about 2500 more majority for Supreme Court Judge than Barnes. Of the Congressional districts the Republicans carried the Third, Sixth, Eighth, Ninth, Tenth, Eleventh, Fifteenth, Sixteenth, Seventeenth, Eighteenth, Nineteenth, and Twentieth.

The official figures for Indiana are as follows: Williams (Democrat), 213,098; Harrison (Republican), 207,979; Harrington (Independent), 12,226. The Democrats lose one-half their Congressmen, electing only four out of thirteen.

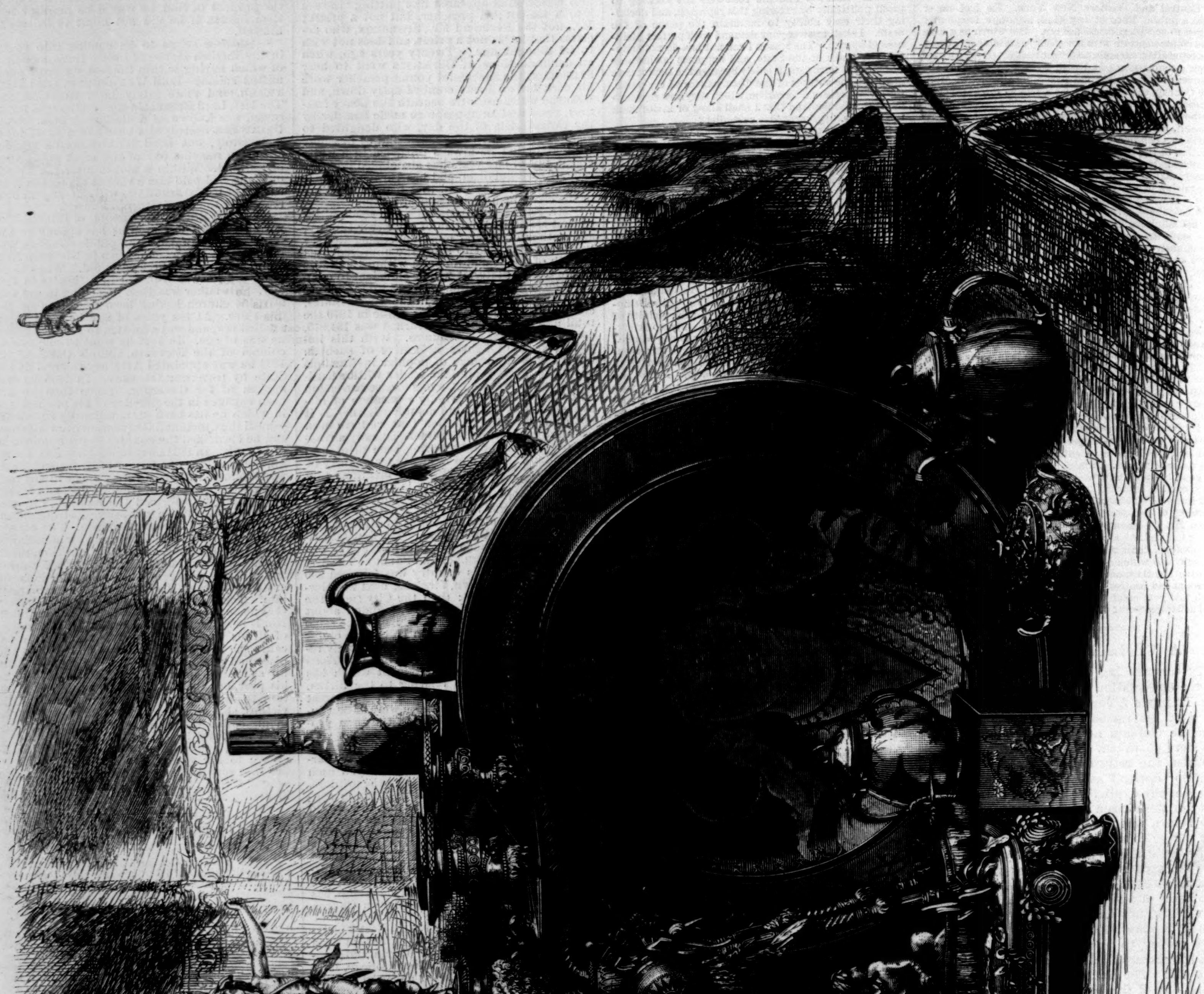
FOREIGN NEWS.

Rumors of the approach of a great war in Europe continue to come, but the telegrams are so conflicting that it is impossible to state the intentions of Russia and the position of the other powers. Each capital city in Europe is telegraphing to others, asking whether there shall be peace or war, but no one can answer positively. It is said that the Russian Emperor's desire for peace has been overborne by the influence of his wife and son and Prince Gortchakoff. Fighting has been renewed at Saitschar between the Servians and Turks. The latter have repulsed the Servians, and intend marching on Paratchin. The Servians are favored by heavy rains and cold, which have set in. Greece contemplates a general levy. France and Great Britain maintain a neutral attitude.

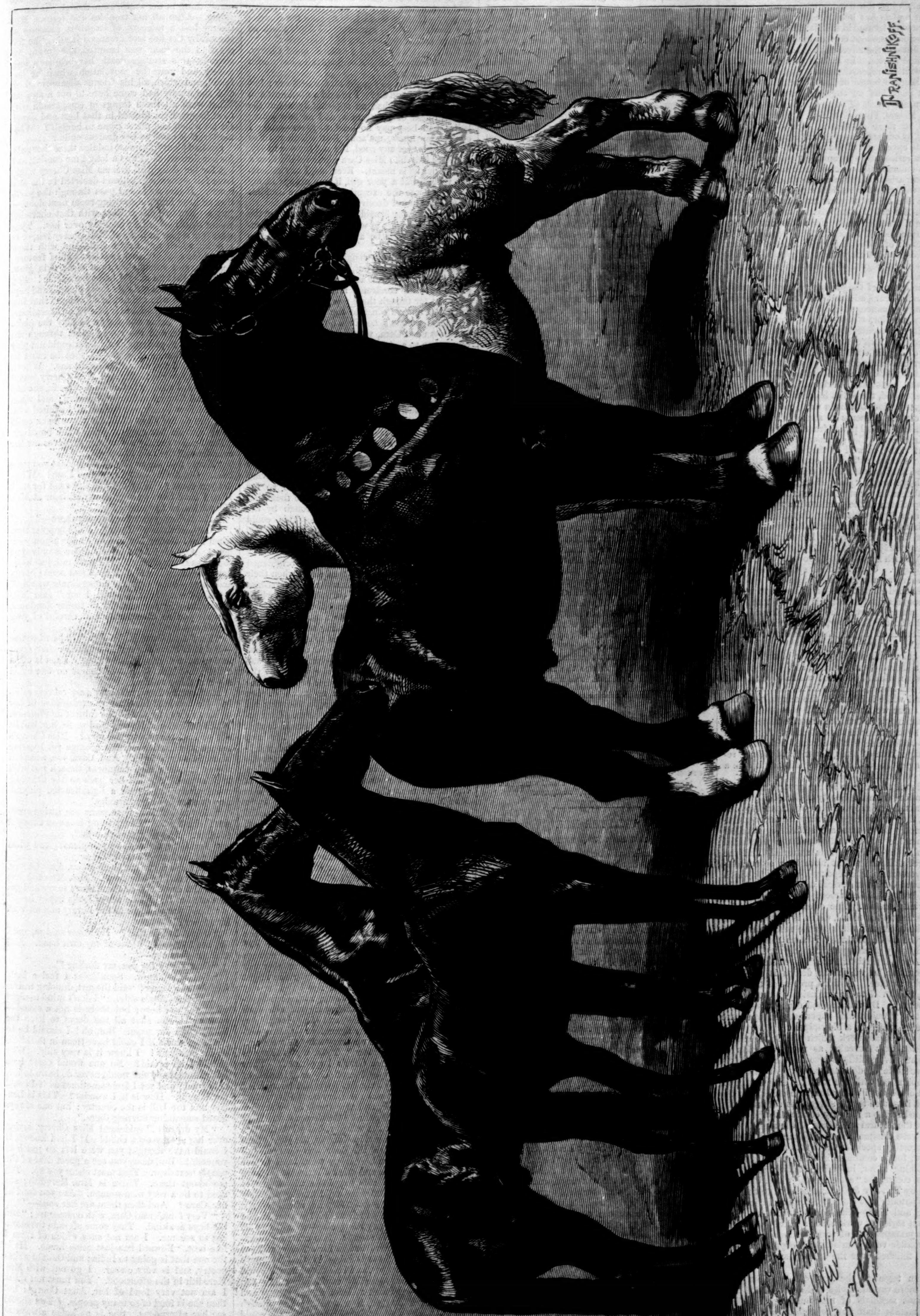
The English missionary society connected with Spain sent an address to Lord Derby, representing to him the dangers to which the Protestants in Spain were exposed in consequence of the intolerance of the clergy and authorities, and suggesting that he should, with the co-operation of other powers, especially Germany and the United States, protest against the continued persecution of Protestants, and afford them protection. In reply, Lord Derby says, "Our minister at Madrid is taking such steps as he properly can to induce the Spanish government to put a lenient construction on Article XI. of the Constitution, so as to secure full religious liberty to Protestants in Spain."

A collision occurred, October 19, off the Dutch town of Flushing, between the steamers *Switzerland*, from New York, and *Grebe*, from Liverpool, sinking the latter. No lives were lost.

The Spanish government has issued a decree ordering all civilians possessing arms to deliver them to the authorities within ten days. Troops have occupied the various forts on the frontiers



THE CENTENNIAL—A GROUP FROM THE TIFFANY EXHIBIT, MAIN BUILDING.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE CENTENNIAL PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY.—[SEE PAGE 890.]



BISMARCK, TROTTING STALLION. GRAPHIC, TROTTING STALLION. ROYAL TOM, HEAVY DRAUGHT STALLION. DUC DE CHARTRES, PERCHERON STALLION.

THE CENTENNIAL—SPECIMENS FROM THE HORSE SHOW.—[See Page 890.]

THE CENTENNIAL.

EVER since the opening of the great Exhibition at Philadelphia the display of art work in the precious metals has been a centre of attraction. Conspicuously located in the Main Building, where the principal transept crosses the grand nave, are the exhibits of the silver-workers of England and the United States. In a previous issue we gave some beautiful representations of the best works of the English house of ELKINGTON, and we present on page 888 an engraving including some of the masterpieces of our own celebrated silversmiths, Messrs. TIFFANY & Co. Through the politeness of these gentlemen, such objects were selected by our artist as might be considered characteristic specimens of the metal art work peculiar to America, and appropriately grouped with a view to enhance the effect of their display.

A comparison between the work of these two houses will give our readers a just and comprehensive idea of the progress made by the two nations in the art of manipulating metals for the purpose of ornamentation; for as the ELKINGTONS have surpassed all other English silversmiths in this branch of industrial art, so Messrs. TIFFANY & Co. have carried the working of precious metals to the highest degree of perfection yet attained in America.

In the centre of the picture we have a magnificent candelabrum, adorned with Indian emblems, including the canoe, which is being propelled by a dusky warrior, whose natural complexion is faithfully represented by the metal of which he is composed. This curious piece of workmanship is one of a pair ordered by Mr. JAMES GORDON BENNETT in commemoration of the race between the yachts *Mohawk* and *Dauntless*, in which the latter was victorious. Original in design and boldly executed, the artist has introduced a style of ornamentation but little used, yet which possesses certain elements of strength and beauty, and gains additional power from being so distinctively American. The surmounting figure of the exultant victor, as well as that of the aborigine, is a fine specimen of metal sculpture, well modeled, and finished with much delicacy.

The large mural "plaque" on the right of the candelabrum, in the style of HENRI II., represents a fair specimen of the gentler sex approached on either side by a whispering Cupid. Her indecision is not only expressed in her countenance, but told in the old French legend, "*Lequel des deux escouterai-je?*" (To which of the two shall I listen?), which is placed just above, upon the edge of the plaque. Upon the other side we have what might serve as a companion piece to the object just described; but in this case the design is that of an Iroquois chief in full gala dress. The shape of this plaque is oval, the centre being of iron, while the border is copper, and ornamented with inlaid devices of targets, spears, and arrow-heads of silver.

Just below this novel specimen of metallic art stands a delicate and graceful coffee-pot of Persian design, which is covered with a profusion of flowers and leaves, after the lavish manner of the East, and while it is one of the simplest objects among those we illustrate, still possesses a general symmetry and truthfulness of outline unsurpassed by any other in the collection. The small flat *tête-à-tête* tea set is also adorned with an elaborate composition of birds, flowers, and foliage, relief being given to the whole by imbuing it with a mellow golden tint.

While all the objects in the group are worthy of attention, from the beauty of their designs and the curious intricacy of the workmanship displayed, they excite especial surprise and admiration among those who are sufficiently familiar with metallic art to understand the wonderful manipulation of the various materials and the technical difficulties that have been so successfully overcome. The repoussé process, by which the central design in several of the articles is obtained, is the simplest among the many methods of working metals. The effect is produced by hammering up the metal, which is generally thin, from the back, and when a rude resemblance of the figure to be produced is thus formed, it is worked up by pressing and chasing the front surface. Another method is the "Queen Anne" style of decoration, in which the design is engraved upon the surface. A third process is the "appliqué," believed to be exclusively practiced in this country. By this method each ornament is separately wrought and superimposed upon the surface by means of a blow-pipe.

The new inlaid-work which the International Exhibition first revealed as the production of American silversmiths is also another peculiarly effective style of decoration. Copper and gold in combination with the metallic enamel known as niello are used with admirable effect, and the warmth imparted to the silver thus chromatically decorated forms a pleasing contrast to the colder tone of the natural whiteness of the metal. The flower vase ornamented with Japanese designs is an interesting specimen from this technical point of view, for it combines in itself many methods of finishing silver, including etching, gilding of various colors, the "satin finish," which was originated by TIFFANY & Co., and secured to them by letters patent; also stone finish, and inlaying with copper and niello—the contrast between these different styles of work being skillfully presented by the juxtaposition of various superficial forms. The smaller vase is inlaid with copper and niello, and finished over the entire surface with the stone.

Taken together, the group in question illustrates more various styles of decoration and more numerous methods of manipulating silver and other metals than any collection in the entire Exhibition, and affords gratifying evidence of our country's advance in this branch of industrial art. We may also note that while the exhibits of a similar character from abroad are richer in articles of exclusive luxury, the foremost American silver-workers have applied themselves to the adornment of such articles as are household necessities, and have thus sought to introduce artistic beauty into the ordinary surroundings of daily life. It would almost seem as if the familiar beverages that appear upon our tables could not fail to be invested with a fresh and novel attraction if such delicate creations could be permitted to replace the ugly and disproportioned utensils to which so many of us are accustomed. Unfortunately, however, these marvels of the silversmith's art, like many other beautiful things, hold themselves beyond the reach of those who are only moderately supplied with worldly wealth.

But, for the credit of our country, it is gratifying to know that in artistic metal-work, as well as in some other branches of manufacture, the excellence of American workmanship has been a revelation to many Europeans, who were accustomed to regard the production of articles requiring unusual mechanical and artistic skill as something peculiar to the Old World. It is safe to say in this connection that one certain result of our great Centennial Exhibition will be a higher appreciation both at home and abroad of the progress already made by America in the higher branches of industrial art.

On page 889 we give the portraits of four of the horses exhibited recently at the Centennial. The show was a fine affair. The grounds were about half a mile from the main entrance to the Exhibition. They were hot as Sahara on sunny days; but the arrangement of the sheds for drainage, care of the animals, and facilities for seeing were excellent. Imported stock predominated. The larger number of noticeable animals were of English or Scotch breeds. A curiosity of the American exhibit was a beautiful Arabian horse bought from a tribe of Bedouins. He is fifteen hands high, a grayish-white in color, very gracefully formed, and has an eye as gentle as that of a fawn. His colts by Kentucky and Norman mares were shown, and were praised as fine roadsters. In striking contrast to this amiable son of the desert was the little wicked-looking black French stallion, of Percheron breed, that stood in a neighboring stall, shaking his long forelock out of his eyes, and flourishing a tail of astonishing size. Another contrast of a different sort was seen in the stalls where the ponderous gray Norman draught horses stood. These huge animals come of a race that is as docile as it is strong. The Canadian exhibit was remarkably fine; but the horses were mostly Canadian only in respect to ownership, as nearly all were either direct importations from England or Scotland, or the immediate progeny of imported stock.

On page 897 will be found some specimens of pottery from the little kingdom of Denmark. The Danish section in the Main Building is neatly arranged in a series of courts within a gray-walled inclosure, pierced at either end by archways. The doorways between the courts are hung with crimson curtains. The most attractive and artistic subjects in the section are the Etruscan imitations, for which Denmark is famous.

(Continued from No. 1034, page 855.)

CARITÀ.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT,

AUTHOR OF "THE CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD," "INNOCENT," "SQUIRE ARDEN," "THE PERPETUAL CURATE," "OMBRA," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE HOLY INQUISITION.

MISS CHERRY'S sudden arrival at the Square was a surprise to every body, and, like most surprises, was not quite successful for the moment. She arrived in the afternoon when Cara was out with Mr. Meredith, and when her appearance with her box excited no small astonishment among the servants, who were quite unprepared for a visitor. And Miss Cherry was nervous and self-conscious, feeling her mission in every nerve, though all the rest of the world remained unaware of what she had come to do. When she had seen her things deposited in the spare room, and had been served with the unfailing cup of tea in poor Annie's drawing-room, the sight of which, after so long, cost her some tears, she detained nurse, who had brought this refreshment to her, to make what gentle preliminary investigations she could manage without exciting any suspicion.

"Is Miss Cara happy, do you think? Does she like being with her papa? It must be a great change to her, nurse. Of course a child ought to be happy with her father; but— And then to change all at once from the country, and at this time of the year. Oh, nurse, I hope my dear child is happy! You know how she was thought of at the Hill," said Miss Cherry, who was weeping-ripe, and scarcely could keep down the tears.

"Well, ma'am, for happy I can't say; but she keeps her 'ealth," said nurse; "that is what I've got most to do with. I don't think as there's much to brag of in the mornings, when she's here by herself. If I was master I'd get out of this house, Miss Cherry, and I'd pull this room to pieces, and change every thing. That's why he can't abide to come in here. It's almost as bad as if my poor lady was a-lying here in state still, though it's five years and more since she was took from us. It's all as I can do myself to keep steady when I sees all her things, as she took such pride in; and master he can't stand it—and I don't wonder. But it ought to be changed. When the young gentlemen comes in, then Cara brightens up—"

"The young gentlemen, nurse?"

"The Mr. Merediths, ma'am, from next door. Mr. Edward has but just come back; but Mr. Oswald has been here regular, almost every day, and that cheers up a young lady—"

"But, nurse," Cherry said, with a gasp, and could say no more.

"Yes, ma'am, I allow as it's running a risk," said nurse, very gravely; "but what is a person to say? If there was a lady to take the charge; but master pays no attention. I don't think as he ever notices who comes and who goes."

"But, oh! why didn't I know?" cried Cherry. "Such a state of affairs ought not to have been permitted for a day."

"No more it didn't ought to, Miss Cherry; but what can a person do? I've said a word now and again, when I've had an opportunity, about the deceitfulness of young men, and as how young ladies had best pay no heed to them—when I could, you know, ma'am. But whether these warnings is ever any good, I'm not the one to say. A young lady like Miss Cara never thinks that it can be her as is meant. Even me, I can remember, though but a poor girl, it was always in my mind as I was the exception, and there couldn't be no question of deceiving with me."

"Oh, deceiving!" said Cherry; "that is not the question; but Cara is with her papa in the evenings? That must be a comfort to him, and to her too, poor child."

Nurse gave a little cough. "Master—mostly—spends the evening out," she said.

Miss Cherry did not ask any more; her suspicions were all confirmed and her anxieties increased; for though there was no question of deceiving in nurse's sense of the word, and though that good woman's homilies no doubt fell quite harmless upon Cara, yet the visits of a couple of young men to a girl "almost every morning" conveyed an idea of danger which made Miss Cherry's hair stand on end. "What the poor child had been plunged into the moment she left that safe feminine nest at the Hill, all flowery and sweet, where some kind person was always at hand! Launched into the world—never words could be more true." Miss Cherry sat in the haunted room, where poor Cara felt her mother's eyes upon her, so full of pondering that she had no leisure to be affected by that memory. The poor woman, who was dead and safe, died away out of all thought when the affairs of the living came uppermost—the living who were so far from being safe, whose life lay before them, liable to be colored through and through by the events of any solitary moment. This could scarcely be said of James Beresford perhaps, whose life was three parts over; but what penalties might not Cara have to pay for the color of the minute! The gay visitors who "brightened her up" might leave darkness behind when their more active life carried them away to other scenes and occupations, and the companionship which made this opening of her existence cheerful might throw all the rest into shadow. So Miss Cherry, whose life knew nothing more than this, who had no varied experiences to show how one affection pushed out another, and on what lines of natural progress the moral course of life was drawn, thought to herself as she waited by the side of the fire, slowly sipping her cup of tea, for Cara's return. She thought no more of her brother and Mrs. Meredith—people who were old enough to manage their own concerns. Cara occupied all her thoughts. She was herself, though she was old, more on Cara's level of life than on that which was occupied by the kind neighbor for whom she had been so anxious when she came. After a while she heard voices outside, and going to the window, saw a little group at the house next door, the centre of which was Mrs. Meredith herself, smiling graciously upon some one who had arrived too early for her usual reception, and who was going disappointed away, when stopped by her arrival. Behind Mrs. Meredith was Cara, looking up to a handsome, dark-haired young man, who smiled upon her in a way which gave even to old Miss Cherry's heart a sympathetic thrill. Surely he looked sincere, she said to herself; and what girl could resist such a look? For the moment Cherry forgot her terror and her precautions. Why should not Cara be the one happy girl whose happy love was to be blessed and sanctioned by every body from the very beginning? Why should it not be so? Cherry asked herself. There was money enough in the family to make it possible to indulge this only child of their hearts in whatever she might please to want—a husband if she liked, or any other toy. It was not, however, with such light-minded expressions that Cherry treated so solemn a subject. If he loved her, and if she loved him, why should there be any difficulty? Cherry herself was ready to give up every thing to "secure" her darling's "happiness." These were the words to use: "To secure Cara's happiness." Then there need be no question of danger or trouble of any kind. The young couple would be married quite young, as it was for every body's happiness (people said) to be, and there need be no further anxiety, no further pain, on Cara's account. They did not see her at the window, but stood talking, close together, the girl looking up, the young man looking down, until the door was opened, and they all disappeared. Cherry went back to her seat at the fireside, and cried a little for pleasure at the thought of this happiness which was to come. To think of your child having precisely the blessedness, the good fortune, which has not fallen to you, and which would have made you more happy than any thing else—could there be compensation more sweet? She cried for pleasure as she had cried before for anxiety, and sat with the fire-light sparkling in that moisture which filled her eyes, and calculated how it could be done. Mrs. Meredith could allow her son something—as much at least as his school and university allowance, if not more; and though Aunt Charity was careful of her money, she could be liberal too on occasions. I am not sure even that it did not flash across Miss Cherry's mind that one day the Hill and all its wealth would be her own; but she repulsed the thought with poignant compunction, unless, indeed, it might be that the Hill should go at once to Cara, and thus make her marriage, as of a queen-regnant able to endow her husband plentifully, the most wise and manly thing in the world, even though she was so young. After all her troubles and terrors, Miss Cherry had a moment of exquisite pleasure as she sat by the fire and arranged it all. She forgot that the room was haunted, she forgot her sister-in-law's strange death, her brother's long misery, and now the consolation which he had found, and which all his friends disapproved of, and she kindly had come here to put a stop to. What were all these things in comparison with Cara happy, Cara blessed in that best and sweetest lot which had never come to herself? What matter, if it came to her dearest child?

She had plenty of time to indulge these thoughts, for her dearest child was a long time coming, and but for her delightful dreams Miss Cherry might have felt somewhat dull and deserted in the still house. If she could but pass through the partition and see into the drawing-room next door!—just a peep, to see her Cara with that charming young man beside her, bending over her. They were like a pair in a novel, Miss Cherry felt, or in a poem, which was better still—she, with those great blue eyes, which were Cara's chief feature; he, dark and splendid, with a clear skin glow. How nice that he should be so handsome! For, indeed, sometimes girls are quite pleased and happy with those who are not handsome, so that this was something *par-dessus le nombre*, an exceptional advantage. Some one began to play the piano after a while, and the sound came through the wall. Was it, perhaps, *he?* Cara could not play as well as that. If it was he, then he must be accomplished too, as well as handsome. What a happy, happy girl! Though Miss Cherry was a little tired of waiting before Cara came in, she had not at all flagged in her enthusiasm; and when the girl flew to her, all flushed and excited with pleasure at the sight of her, it was all she could do to restrain her congratulations and blessings. "For I must not say a word till she gives me her confidence," she said to herself.

"Nurse told me as she let me in that you were here. Oh, Aunt Cherry, how glad I am! When did you come? Why did you not send for me? Here I have been waiting nearly an hour at Mrs. Meredith's, and you here!"

"My darling, you were happier there—"

"Happier than with you? I was happier than when I am alone; but if I had known you were here! And, oh! Aunt Cherry, there is only time to get ready for dinner! We can't talk just now; how provoking it is! Tell me about Aunt Charity and home—but we must not keep dinner waiting."

"No, dear. How pleased I am," said Miss Cherry, kissing her child with tender fondness, "to see you so considerate and careful of your papa's comfort!"

"Yes," said Cara, doubtfully. "Papa, of course—but it is more for cook and John; they don't like to have dinner kept waiting. Papa is often a little late himself, but of course no one could say any thing to him."

Mr. Beresford took his sister's arrival very calmly. He accepted her halting explanation of her sudden visit to town with the calm of indifference. When he had said he was glad to see her, had he not said all that was necessary? Miss Cherry's excuse was the dentist, that scourge yet blessing of middle-aged folks. And Cara, too, accepted the explanation with calmness, though not with indifference. She led her back to the drawing-room after dinner with a light-hearted playfulness, unlike her usual gravity.

"How nice it is to have some one sitting opposite!" she said. "Every thing looks so cheerful to-night. And now we can talk."

"Yes, Cara, as much as you please; and when your papa comes up stairs—"

"Oh, papa never comes up stairs, Aunt Cherry. He does not like this room. Mrs. Meredith has made him come two or three times to try and get him used to it; but he never looks happy here."

"Then you go down to the library and sit with him there?"

"Ought I to do that? He never said so, and I did not like to do it out of my own head. And then he goes out—"

"How lonely for you, my darling!"

"Yes, it is lonely. Sometimes I feel a little frightened; listen!" said the girl, drawing nearer to her companion's side. "I don't mind to-night when you are here; but there is not a sound—cook and John shut all the doors to keep the house quiet for papa. But, oh! I should be so glad sometimes if I could have them in the kitchen for company! I know it is very silly. Why should I be afraid? No one would come here but mamma, and she would never do harm to me, only good; and yet I feel sometimes as if I could not bear it. How is it, I wonder? This is London, and the Hill is the country; but one always heard something stirring there."

"My dearest!" said kind Miss Cherry, crying over her; "my own child! If I had known, if I could have thought you were left so much to yourself! But, dear, you see a great deal of the people next door. That must cheer you up. Tell me about them. There is Mrs. Meredith; she used to be a very nice woman. Are you fond of her, Cara? And then there are her sons—"

"Very fond," said Cara, with composure; "and the boys are kind. They come often in the morning to see me. I am not sure which of them I like best. Edward has just come home. He is the one that is going to India; and Oswald writes poetry, and is very clever. I go out with Mrs. Meredith in the afternoon. You must not think I am not very fond of her, Aunt Cherry; but then she is fond of so many people. You should see her afternoons. She is at home always at five, and the number of people who come! and she looks at them all alike, and listens to them as if she thought of no one else. Yes, I am very fond of her, but I like people to belong to me, not to every body—like you, Aunt Cherry; you

are mine, mine!" the girl cried, with that flattery of exclusive appropriation which is so sweet to all, and especially to those who are beyond the first fascinations of life.

"Yes, my darling," said Miss Cherry, with tears in her soft eyes; "me and every thing I have and every thing I am, to do whatever you please with." She had a right to be more lavish than any lover in her self-offering; for no love could have been so ready to give up will and wish, which are the last things any human creature likes to sacrifice, for the sake of the beloved. Miss Cherry would have allowed herself to be cut into little pieces at any moment for the sake of the child.

But these were not the kind of confidences she expected. She made an effort to bring Cara back to the other ground, and to elicit from her some tender confession. Romantic old Cherry was disappointed not to have seen some trace of this confidence, irrepressible, eager to unbosom itself, but she was not hopeless of it still.

"I saw you go in," she said. "I watched you from the window, Cara. Was that one of the Merediths that was with you? Very nice-looking, rather dark. Which was that? You seemed to be great friends."

"This afternoon! Were you at the window? How stupid I was not to see you! I will never come near the house without looking up at the windows again. It was Oswald, Aunt Cherry. He is always the one who has time to go out with us. Do you think a man ought to have so much time? Yes, he is nice-looking, I think; he *is* like a poet; and he is the one who chiefly stands by me, and comes to see me in the morning. He never seems to have any thing particular to do," Cara added, with a slight air of vexation, which raised Miss Cherry's hopes.

"But if he writes?" she said, with a little awe.

"Ah, he does that at night; he sits up for it, and all day long he seems just to do what he likes. They laugh at him for it, but he never minds. Mrs. Meredith sometimes says— Ah!" cried Cara, stopping short, and drawing a long sighing breath; a sort of ruffled hollow sound went through the house—the shutting of the great hall door, which seemed to vibrate upward from floor to floor.

"What is it, Cara?" said Miss Cherry, whose nerves were weak, and who jumped at any noise, even when she knew really what it was.

"It is papa going out," said Cara, with a little sigh; and then ensued a momentary silence, which showed that this mighty event was of importance to her and inspired her imagination. "But I do not mind to-night," she added, with soft sudden laughter, putting her hands together with an infantile movement of pleasure, "when I have you."

They sat and talked the whole evening through, with that fertility of communication which exists between people who have very little to tell each other, and yet are in perfect confidence with each other. What did they say? not much of any consequence. Miss Cherry told Cara all the news of the Hill, and Cara confided to Miss Cherry without meaning, or being aware of it, a hundred small details of her life, chiefly repetitions of what she had already said, yet throwing fresh light upon those simple monotonous dull days, which were so interesting to the elder lady. But not all Miss Cherry's delicate leadings up to the point could win any confidential statement from the girl of the character her aunt had expected to hear. She was all confidence, and told every thing without keeping back a thought; but she heard nothing of this description; and Miss Cherry was at last obliged to acknowledge this to herself with great disappointment. "There has been no explanation yet," she said to herself. She was not the first who has been disappointed by finding that a supposed romance had no existence. They sat quite late, till Miss Cherry, used to early hours, began to droop and get dreary; but even after this feeling had crept over her eyes, and betrayed her into a yawn or two, she sat still, heroically waiting for her brother's return.

"When does your papa come in? is he not late to-night?" she said at last, when her endurance had nearly reached its limits. She would have suffered any hardship for her darling, but the habits of her early innocent country life were strong upon her, and to stay up till midnight seemed almost immoral to Miss Cherry; still more immoral it seemed to her, however, to go to bed early, without bidding your host good-night.

"I think he is always late; but no one waits up for him," said Cara. "I never see him after dinner. Have I tired you out talking? I go to bed early," said the little girl, with a forlorn look, "because it is so dull; but I am so happy to-night. Oh, I wish you would never go away any more!"

"My darling, I thought you had a great deal better company than me?"

"Ah, but you are mistaken, you are. Sometimes I have very nice company though, when we dine with the Merediths. She visits us two or three times a week, and sometimes I go out to parties with her, which are pleasant. But it is very dull the other nights," said Cara, with unconscious pathos; "and the only thing I can do to amuse myself is to go to bed."

She laughed, but it was not a cheerful laugh. And was it possible that on the other side of the partition her father was sitting, whose poor little daughter had nothing better to do to amuse herself than to go to bed? What could James mean by such conduct? It was very hard for Cherry to be just in such strange circumstances, and not to blame, as most people would have done, the woman who was concerned. Visions of ill names, such as "elderly siren," which innocent Miss Cherry had read in the papers, drifted into her simple brain in spite of herself. Why did she let him do it? Why did she encourage him to go to her? What were they talking about? Miss Cherry, though she was so sleepy, could not really rest even after she went to bed till she heard once more that dull sound through the house of the great door shutting. The houses in the Square were well built for London houses, and the corresponding sounds in the house next door, when the visitor departed, did not reach the watcher's ears. But it was with some insight in her thoughts that Miss Cherry wondered how the sons liked it, and what they thought of their mother's constant visitor. And she a married woman; and James still making believe to feel his wife's loss so deeply that he could not enter his dining-room without pain. Miss Cherry blushed in the darkness, throwing a warm reflection upon the pillow, if there had been any light to show it, over this thought.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

NOVEMBER, 1876.

Wednesday, 1.—All-Saints.
Sunday, 5.—Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 12.—Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 19.—Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 26.—Twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity.
Thursday, 30.—St. Andrew.

DECEMBER.

Sunday, 3.—First Sunday in Advent.
Sunday, 10.—Second Sunday in Advent.
Sunday, 17.—Third Sunday in Advent.
Thursday, 21.—St. Thomas.
Sunday, 24.—Fourth Sunday in Advent.
Monday, 25.—Christmas.
Tuesday, 26.—St. Stephen.
Wednesday, 27.—St. John the Evangelist.
Thursday, 28.—Holy Innocents.
Sunday, 31.—First Sunday after Christmas.

WITH a courage which amounts to hardihood, the court of Rome has, it is said, resolved to celebrate the anniversary of the humiliation of the German Emperor HENRY IV., at Canossa. The event is of so old a date, and has for so many years been suffered to pass unnoticed, that this recalling of attention to it will be construed by all Europe as an act of defiance to Germany. The *Osservatore Romano*, the papal organ, expresses its approval of the project in the following terms: "At the moment when a new and still graver period in the great struggle between the Church and the anti-Christian state, between Catholic liberty and pagan Cæsarism, is commencing, nothing, it seems to us, could be more opportune or more salutary to the spirits of the combatants for the cause of God, of the Church, and of true human liberty than the remembrance of the great moral triumph at Canossa." The castle of Canossa is about seven miles from Parma. Here in the year 1077 HILDEBRAND (GREGORY VII.), protected by MATHILDA of Tuscany, brought HENRY IV. in humiliation to his door, and compelled the ill-starred monarch, habited as a penitent, to stand for three days, waiting till it should be the papal pleasure to absolve him. Prince BISMARCK expressed a few years ago the German feeling in relation to this passage of their history by saying, "We are not going again to Canossa."

The managers of Mr. MOODY's meetings in Chicago have planned a series of like services to be held throughout the Northwest. Messrs. WHITTLE, BLISS, NEEDHAM, MOREHOUSE, MORTON, FARWELL, and SPOFFORD will give aid in conducting them. Mr. MOODY was compelled, before the close of the first week of his labor in Chicago, to leave for Northfield, Massachusetts. During his absence his place was supplied by the Chicago pastors.

The government of the Dominion of Canada has acted upon the question of the running of Sunday railway trains with great courage. A letter from the Minister of Public Works, dated Ottawa, October 4, in reply to resolutions of the Baptist Convention of Nova Scotia, states that orders have been "issued on no account to permit any special train to be run on the Sabbath-day, except in case of great emergency, and then only on direct order from the government. Similar instructions were given that no freight trains were to be run on that day, and that no passenger trains should perform their journeys. The only encroachment on the Sabbath will be that of through trains from Quebec reaching their destinations, at Halifax and St. John respectively, early on the Sabbath morning." These orders, if carried out, will put the government of Canada in advance of any other in the observance of the Christian day of rest by the state.

The Baptist Association of Minnesota, which has called for the payment of certain railroad bonds said to be repudiated by the State, has been followed by the Presbytery of St. Paul, which, at its meeting held October 11, took action on the same subject. The action taken was embodied in the following resolution: "Resolved, that as Christian citizens of the State of Minnesota we will use our influence to have effected such a settlement of the so-called railroad bonds as shall be consistent with honesty and strict integrity." Whatever the merits of this question, the anxiety of the religious bodies of Minnesota to maintain the reputation of the State for integrity deserves the brief record here made of these facts.

A special meeting of the bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church was held in Philadelphia October 13. Forty-five of the entire number were present. After the devotional exercises they elected Dr. SAMUEL I. J. SCHERESCHEWSKY missionary bishop for China, and the Rev. JOHN T. MAGRATH, rector of St. Paul's Church, Jackson, Michigan, missionary bishop for Cape Palmas, Africa. Dr. SCHERESCHEWSKY was elected to the same office one year ago, but declined it; he now accepts. On Tuesday, October 10, the Protestant Episcopal Board of Missions held in Philadelphia its Forty-first Annual Meeting. The Domestic Committee reported their receipts for the year to be $135,195, a decrease of $2076. The Foreign Committee have received $97,627, an increase of $7902. The missions of the Domestic Committee among the American Indians have met with great success. In this field Bishop WHIPPLE has become known as one of the most indefatigable and successful laborers.

The Protestant Episcopal Society for the Increase of the Ministry held its anniversary, October 8 and 9, at St. Mark's Church, Philadelphia. The receipts for the year were $28,869, and the expenditures $32,939. Of the total received, the greater part came from the New England and Middle States. The society begins the year with 100 students under its care, and asks for $50,000 wherewith to aid 200 applicants.

It is now claimed that the Swedish Lutherans were the first Protestant missionaries to the Indians of North America. The Rev. JOHN CAMPANIUS, the chaplain of the colony of New Sweden, on the Delaware, from 1642 to 1648, learned the language of his Lenni-Lennapé neighbors, and translated into it the Lutheran Catechism. The book was published by royal command at Stockholm, in Indian and Swedish, in 1696. A copy of it is in the possession of the American Philosophical Society of Philadelphia. JOHN ELIOT's first service among the Indians of Nonantum, in the Massachusetts Colony, was held in October, 1646. His New Testament was published in 1661.

The concentration of the attention of the Christian nations upon Japan will doubtless be one of the great facts in the history of this century. On the 1st of October the first three missionaries to that empire sent out by the Evangelical Association (Albright Methodists) took leave of their friends at a public meeting held in the city of Cleveland. This is the first foreign mission in heathen lands undertaken by the Association. In all, it maintains 289 missions. That in Germany, which was established in 1850, now numbers 7000 members.

The semi-annual report of the "Universal Israelitish Alliance," just published, presents a valuable account of the condition of the Jews as to civil and religious liberty all over the world. The half-yearly income amounted to 90,378 francs. A fund of 1,000,000 francs is expended for the exclusive benefit of Jews in Turkey. The Turkish government has agreed to include the Jews in the concession of rights to be made to its Christian subjects. In Roumania Jews still suffer from oppressive laws. In Tunis they are excluded from some branches of business, and suffer from the hostility of the people. The agricultural school at Jaffa has forty pupils; the preparatory school in Paris, in which Arabic is taught, fourteen pupils. The Alliance also maintains four schools in Constantinople.

At the late meeting of the British Association, in Glasgow, high tributes were paid to the Christian missions in South and Central Africa. The problem of civilizing Africa and giving it the blessings of industrial art and lawful commerce was described as the most urgent now in process of solution by Christian nations. It was stated in one of the papers read that Christianized Caffres of the Cape had been selected as volunteers to co-operate in founding the industrial mission on the shore of Lake Nyassa. Confidence was expressed that the successful establishment of British settlements would do more than any other agencies to arrest the slave-trade. Much hope is entertained, too, of the results of the Geographical Congress recently held at Brussels, upon the invitation of the King of Belgium. The king, who has become profoundly interested in African civilization, is of the opinion that by uniting the counsels and efforts of missionaries, explorers, and geographers of different nations, the best and speediest results can be attained. The full report of the proceedings of the Congress will be awaited both in Europe and the United States with great interest. It is already known that the Belgian king has accepted the office of president of the central committee for establishing stations in Africa for purposes of civilization. National committees to co-operate with the central committee were also appointed. Among the papers read to the Congress was one by Sir THOMAS FOWELL BUXTON, which gave an account of Christian missions in Africa.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

WHEREVER one is traveling this fall, whether on cars or steamboats, the universal topic of conversation is "the Centennial." Parties are returning from Philadelphia to their homes in all parts of the country, and it is noticeable that among the uneducated, as well as among the more cultivated classes, the senseless chit-chat and injurious gossip so often indulged in have given place to conversation of a higher tone, arising from the curious, beautiful, and useful, as seen at the Exhibition. To have visited the Centennial is a sort of basis for an informal acquaintance among many who chance to be thrown together in traveling. The introduction may be only an explanatory remark that "all our party caught the Centennial cold at Philadelphia," but the conversation soon drifts into a comparison of experiences in reviewing the great show. Thousands who have seldom left their quiet country homes have this year taken an unaccustomed journey. Their thoughts have been turned from old, worn channels, their feelings quickened and freshened, and the wholesome effect will be as wide-spread as the entire country. For months to come there will be something for the farmer to talk about besides his crops; the views of the machinist and mechanic have been widened; the quiet country mother, no less than her fashionable city sister, can give her children some fresh entertainment of a winter evening; the merchant has had a thought of something different from banks and creditors tucked into his brains; and thousands of young people have had their minds enriched as by a visit to foreign countries. We believe that one beneficial result of the Centennial Exhibition will be a very general substitution, particularly in country towns and villages, of useful and entertaining conversation about *things* for the thoughtless scandal about *people* that is so prevalent in many social circles.

Jack Frost has put in an appearance in various parts of the country. Even snow has fallen in sections of New England.

The new down-town restaurant of Delmonico, at 112 and 114 Broadway, compares favorably with that recently opened at Twenty-sixth Street. On the first floor there is a spacious lunch-room, handsomely fitted up, and with the most modern appointments. Directly above this is the public dining hall, occupying the entire floor. This room is elegantly decorated and tastefully trimmed with polished ash. Above this are two floors of private dining-rooms of different sizes, all admirably lighted and handsomely decorated. The kitchen is in the upper story. This restaurant will probably be opened the last of this month.

Of the entire band of eight robbers who made a raid upon a Minnesota bank, killing the cashier, who refused to give up the keys, only one has escaped. Three were killed by the pursuers, and four are in custody. The people of Minnesota have displayed great energy in hunting down these notorious robbers.

The purchaser of the Old South Church, Mr. Pulsifer, pays $75,000 in cash, $225,000 are advanced by an insurance company on a first mortgage, and $100,000 by Mrs. Hemenway on a second mortgage, Mr. Pulsifer giving a bond to convey the property to the committee of ladies when the $400,000 are raised by them.

In February, 1873, the Bowery Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association, at 134 Bowery, began a plan for assisting young men who were temporarily destitute. It was proposed to give relief to able-bodied men who were unexpectedly thrown out of employment, or were seeking for it, by giving food and lodging, and by aiding them in obtaining work. Up to the 1st of September, 1876, the statistics of the work were as follows:

Number of free meals dispensed......	195,700
Number of free lodgings...............	32,167
Number of different men aided.......	6,764
Number of men sent to situations....	3,589

The expenses of the lodging department are provided for; but money is needed to supply food. No money is expended for salaries or rent.

The original "Uncle Tom" of Mrs. Stowe's novel is said to be now lecturing in London. He is eighty-six years old, and is known as the Rev. Josiah Henson.

A fire, originating in a defective chimney, recently occurred at the Twin Mountain House, and the building was saved from utter destruction only by the greatest exertions. The loss on hotel and furniture is about $5000.

The great bell, weighing 12,000 pounds, which was formerly used on the old Jefferson Market bell tower, but which has hung for the last five years in a wooden frame at Sixth and Greenwich avenues, was raised a short time ago into the tower of the new court-house, a distance of 130 feet.

At a recent meeting of the exhibitors of the "Loan Collection" in this city it was decided to close the exhibition on Friday night, November 10, at the same time with the closing of the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia. Our citizens, as well as visitors, have thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated the unusual opportunity they have had to see rare and choice paintings.

A burglar, while in the act of escaping from a house in Fiftieth Street, where he had plundered some jewelry, met with a terrible punishment. He had entered the house while the family were at dinner, and, as was afterward discovered, having filled his pockets with jewelry taken from a chamber, stepped out of the window upon the pediment over the front-door of the adjoining house, evidently intending to enter that house. The pediment was but slightly fastened, and, as he stepped upon it, gave way. The burglar fell under the stone, and his head was crushed fearfully. He died soon afterward.

A Connecticut farmer, in the town of North Canton, while working on his uncultivated land, recently unearthed two slabs of light-colored sandstone, containing the imprint of a foot of a bird, evidently gallinaceous, and also a perfect cast of the human foot, eleven inches long, and perfectly formed, except that the inferior toes were unusually long and the great toe unusually short. The soil from which these slabs were taken is evidently a deposit consisting of comminuted clay and fine sand, and the slabs differ only in color from the ordinary Portland brown stone, which abounds in bird tracks. Such are the reports respecting this remarkable discovery, but whether there is any "hoax" about it remains to be seen.

The remains of Bellini, the celebrated composer of *Norma*, have been recently taken from the cemetery of Père-la-Chaise, Paris, and conveyed to Catania, Sicily, his birth-place, where they were placed under a monument in the cathedral.

It was a severe penalty for a Cincinnati judge to sentence a little boy to two years' imprisonment for stealing a newspaper from a door-step. The boy's mother was made insane with grief.

An investigating naturalist recently handed his thumb to an impatient wasp he had caged in a bottle. The wasp backed up to the thumb with an abruptness which took the scientist by surprise. He became so deeply absorbed in the study of remedies that he forgot to make scientific notes; but his wife made some mental notes as to the extraordinary effect of wasp stings upon the thumbs of nervous men.

At Toulouse, France, a curious lawsuit is going on. An oyster-opener, while opening a few bivalves for a purchaser, found in one of them a valuable pearl. This he at once pocketed; but the buyer of the oysters insisted that it was his. He claimed that he bought shells, juice, oysters, and every thing, while the oyster-opener alleged that he had only bought the oysters. The question of ownership of the pearl is yet undecided.

Diphtheria appears in three varieties, which are thus briefly described: 1. Fever, severe pains in the back and limbs, and very great prostration. There may be no soreness of the throat, but small white specks will be noticed on the tonsils. 2. Large patches of false membrane both on the tonsils and back of the throat; but the glands of the neck do not become swollen. 3. True malignant diphtheria, with swelling of the glands of the neck and under the jaw; profuse and often offensive exudations in the mouth and throat; more or less discharge from the nostrils. Simple treatment will usually cause a recovery in a majority of cases under the first and second varieties. Chlorate of potash, tannin, and sulphate of iron, put dry upon the tongue and allowed to dissolve slowly, are found the most efficient remedies in the early stages of the disease. The dose should be small, and repeated every hour. Chlorate of potash is, perhaps, the best and most simple remedy for home use. But the advice of a good physician should be sought on the first symptoms of this dangerous disease.

THE SOLID SOUTH AGAINST THE UNION
EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION BY A. LINCOLN.
PAROLED BY GEN'L U. S. GRANT
NATIONAL DEBT
RUIN
C.S.A.
SOLID THE SOUTH 1861 – 1865
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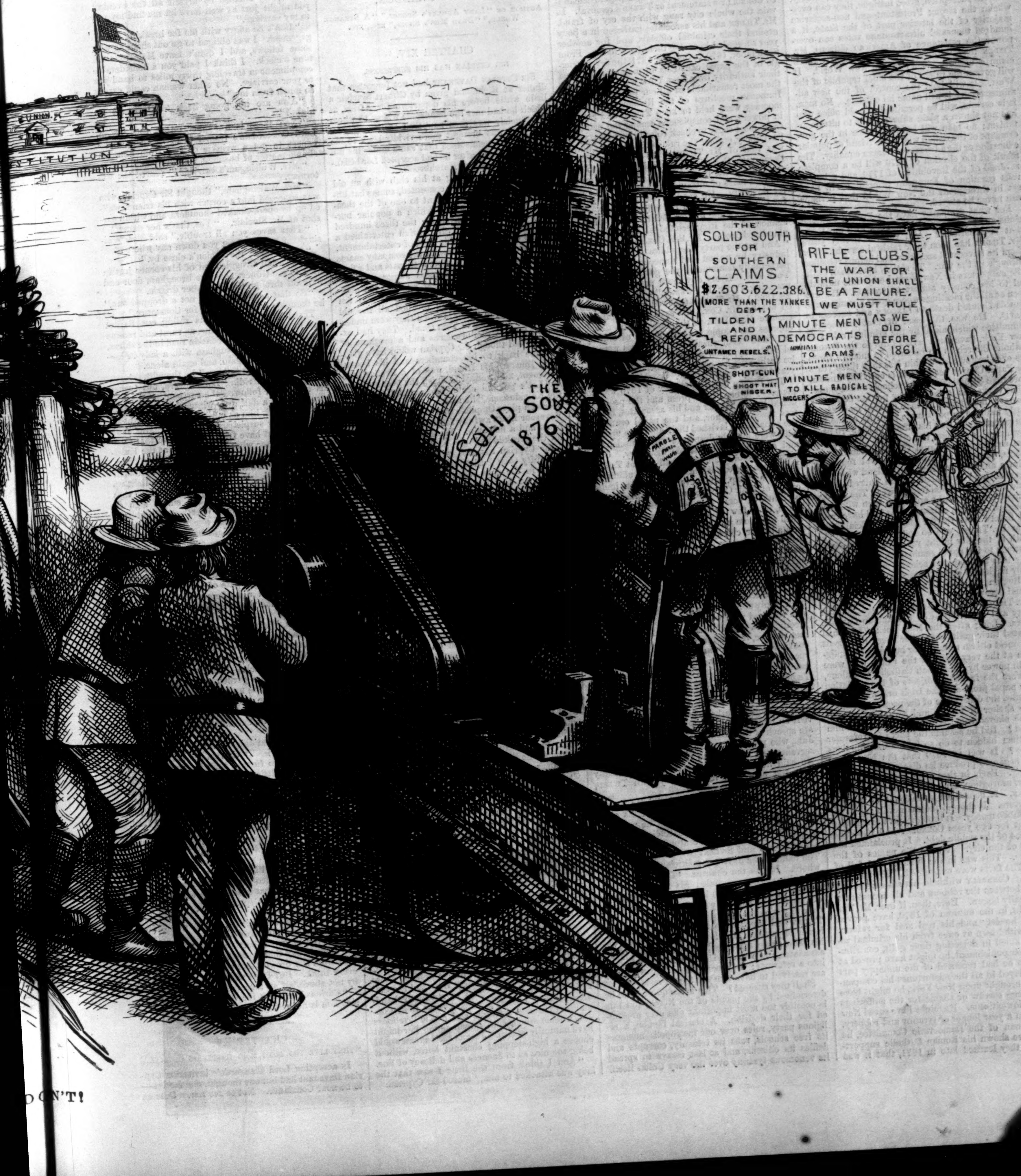
DON'T!


UNION
STITUTION
THE SOLID SOUTH FOR SOUTHERN CLAIMS
$2.503.622.386.
(MORE THAN THE YANKEE DEBT.)
TILDEN AND REFORM.
UNTAMED REBELS.
RIFLE CLUBS.
THE WAR FOR THE UNION SHALL BE A FAILURE.
WE MUST RULE AS WE DID BEFORE 1861.
MINUTE MEN DEMOCRATS TO ARMS.
SHOT-GUN
SHOOT THAT NIGGER.
MINUTE MEN TO KILL RADICAL NIGGERS
THE SOLID SOU
1876
PAROLE

ON'T!

SHALL THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CLUBS CONTROL THE UNION?

THE real question to be decided in the Presidential election is, whether the Roman Catholic clubs and sodalities of New York shall name the next President of the United States, whether the Roman Catholic majority which has so long controlled the metropolis of the Union shall at last select its head. It is, in fact, a contest between the papal faction in its stronghold and the people without. It is true that Mr. TILDEN's chief reliance is upon a united South, the merciless energy of his supporters in Mississippi or Alabama, the rifles and the menaces of his Southern friends. But all their aid must be ineffectual, and all their cruel labors unavailing, unless he can carry New York. New York is the key of the campaign, the centre of the contest. Here lies Mr. TILDEN's chief strength, and his chief strength consists in that united, resolute, almost desperate Roman Catholic faction which has so long ruled the cities of New York and Brooklyn, and which has so often led the State a reluctant captive in bondage to the foreign Church. It is, indeed, a curious, a startling spectacle. In the centennial year of the Republic the Roman Catholic clubs of New York have nominated their favorite instrument for the Presidency. If by force or fraud, bribery, flatteries, deception, gross intrigue, they can overwhelm the strong Protestant and non-sectarian majority of the interior part of the State, if a hundred thousand ultramontane votes can overpower the resistance of American citizens, Mr. TILDEN may be elected, and the Papal Church claim a decisive victory in the New World. It will govern the rulers of the chief republic of the West. It will hold the control of the new administration; it will name its officials. No man, it is certain, will be permitted to hold office who has not shown a plain subserviency to ultramontanism; no man will have influence in the government of the nation who is the friend of popular education or the advocate of human equality. The result of the election of 1876 will be a complete reversal of the Revolution of 1776, and a barbarous reaction of European principles will have set in throughout the New World that perhaps can never be stayed.

For what sympathy have the Roman Catholic clubs and politicians of New York with any thing that is American? And yet for twenty years Mr. TILDEN has been their faithful servant. For them he advocated secession and helped rebellion throughout the war. To satisfy his Roman Catholic supporters in New York, he became unfaithful to his country almost to treason. He was seen at all the meetings where great ultramontane crowds shouted death to LINCOLN and success to DAVIS. He was the head of that Democratic committee which, aided by the criminal rulers of New York, gave such lavish gifts to the Roman Catholic Church as no monarch in modern times has ever bestowed. Within less than three years the Papal Church received, it is certainly known, more than $1,500,000 for its schools and asylums. What vast sums it obtained by private donations has never been told. No man labored more strenuously than he to perpetuate the rule of the foreign priesthood. Had his efforts in 1869–70 been crowned with success, the criminal officials, who were enriching the Papal Church, endowing its schools, planting its protectories and foundling asylums, and covering New York island with large tracts of land dedicated to the Sacred Heart, would never have fallen from power. The strange scene of tyranny might still have been witnessed among us. Honest citizens might still have trembled before that fearful class of officials with whom Mr. TILDEN was so long connected. The wealth of the city might yet have flowed out in donations to the papal seminaries. It is not unlikely that the common schools must have been wholly neglected or suppressed, and the reign of the Roman Catholic Democracy enforced their gradual decay.

Mr. TILDEN was one of the last to abandon the society and the defense of the Roman Catholic leaders. Long after the New York *Times* had indicated their guilt, long after every intelligent and honest citizen trembled or burned with indignation at the very sight of the rulers who were kept in power by the Roman Catholic vote alone, who were the favorite subjects of the adulation of the papal press and the Irish orators, Mr. TILDEN defied the conscience of the people, and clung to the shelter of TWEED and SWEENY. Was it that he obeyed some secret bond that held him chained? Did he assume the part of a reformer only when bidden to do so by his unscrupulous masters? It was in 1870 that the New York *Times* began to produce its direct assaults upon the Ring. Early in that year it charged fraud, robbery, usurpation, against TWEED, SWEENY, and HOFFMAN. It demanded an account of the city expenditure. It showed the extraordinary waste of the public money. It brought out the startling fact that for two years CONNOLLY had issued no statement of the public debt. It proclaimed the robbery of the city. It gave the names of the offenders. This was in the summer and fall of 1870. The facts were undoubted. The city was aroused. CONNOLLY withheld his statement, and the war between the robbers and all honest men was actually begun. Here, then, if ever, Mr. TILDEN might, in the autumn of 1870, have proved his own honesty and his real zeal for reform. Had he withdrawn at once from his criminal associates, aided in detecting their guilt, contributed to their punishment, he might have proved at least that he had repented of the unhappy part he had played in all the misfortunes his companions had brought upon New York, he might have shown some sorrow or shame for the sufferings of his fellow-citizens. He might have saved New York from a year longer of tyranny and robbery. As chairman of the Democratic Committee, he might have shown his Roman Catholic supporters, what they learned late in 1871, that it was dangerous to pursue their projects of public corruption, and that the foreign Church could no longer protect its infamous instruments from the rage of the people. But in 1870 the strongest impulse of Mr. TILDEN and his Roman Catholic supporters was resistance to every project of reform. They knew now, if never before, the guilt of their associates. They knew that the city had been plundered as no other city had ever been. They knew that its Comptroller had furnished no statement of its affairs for two years, and still refused to furnish any, that its Department of Public Works under TWEED had been a centre of open and boundless theft, and that SWEENY had long been held up to his fellow-citizens as a public robber. They saw the Papal Church draining the poor resources of the bankrupt city, and priests and nuns founding their flourishing institutions from the plunder of the community. And yet the first step of Mr. TILDEN and his companions was to check reform for a year longer, and save the guilty officials. Never was the Roman Catholic Democracy more active than in the fall of 1870. Desperate, mad with guilt, TWEED, HALL, SWEENY, TILDEN, hoped to stifle inquiry by a fierce resistance, to beat down reform by a menacing front. They were successful. In vain the New York *Times* and other Republican papers demanded CONNOLLY's statement or TWEED's removal. In vain the whole city rang with the cry of fraud. Mr. TILDEN and his associates gathered in a body around their criminal officials, and for another year succeeded in saving them from harm. From September, 1870, to October, 1871, the fierce struggle of the papal camarilla to maintain by force their authority over New York went on. It was the most remarkable of all our political contests. Immense meetings of the Roman Catholic Democracy were held to keep TWEED and SWEENY in power; and conspicuous among the names of those most eager to check reform, perpetuate public robbery, enforce the rule of the foreign Church, was that of Mr. TILDEN. As chairman of the Democratic Committee, he used every art to defy and outrage the people of New York. He moved the vast mass of ultramontane voters with singular dexterity. He carried the election of 1870 for the Democracy and the ruling Church. The papal editors and orators, fed by the wild extravagance of the Ring, scoffed at the rage of the plundered people. Mr. S. S. COX had said, in 1869: "And yet the party [Republican] which crucifies industry by unjust and unnecessary taxation is perpetually denouncing the government of New York city. Every day these men are heard denouncing PETER B. SWEENY."—(*Herald*, October 28, 1869.) Mr. TILDEN followed in the path pointed out by Mr. COX. To save the "Church," to enslave New York to the foreign priesthood, to oppress the people, his only theme of oratory in 1870 was "centralization." His eyes were turned far away, upon some unknown centre, while he authorized his criminal associates for another year to prey upon the city.

The Roman Catholic victory of 1870 was complete. The cry of the press and the people was defied by Mr. TILDEN and his associates, HOFFMAN was made Governor, and the papal orators and the papal press lavished their applause upon men who were already desperate with conscious guilt and awaiting an inevitable discovery. On the night of October 28, 1870, had met at Tammany Hall the last great assemblage of the united Ring. It was a damp, rainy evening, yet an immense crowd of Irish Catholics, of office-holders and expectants, of some deluded Americans and Germans, of a few of the indifferent and careless, filled the room and gathered with fierce defiance around their chief. TWEED was the central object of the throng. He was accused before the people of gross crimes; he was known by every intelligent citizen to be guilty; the accounts of the city had been withheld for two years; the air was filled with terrible rumors of bankruptcy and ruin; the certificate of a few wealthy citizens had been vainly used to cover public fraud; yet TWEED was received with wild cheers of defiance by the meeting, and the whole assembled Democracy had met to save, if possible, the public robbers from conviction. TWEED, in an insolent, threatening speech, introduced Mr. AUGUST BELMONT as chairman. Mr. SEYMOUR delivered his usual address; TILDEN and O'CONOR lent their influence to the meeting; WOOD, COX, RYNDERS, FELLOWS, assisted. There were threats held out—wild promises of what the Roman Catholic leaders would do to prevent an honest election. But the most appropriate speech of the evening was that of JAMES FISK, Jun., who promised the support of 25,000 of his servants and retainers to the Democratic cause. He said he had asked no favors of Tammany Hall, but confessed his intimacy with TWEED, SWEENY, and HOFFMAN.

By such means and such men did Mr. TILDEN postpone for a year the overthrow of his criminal associates. He tried menaces, he practiced open defiance. His Roman Catholic clubs lent him their aid, and Irish orators were hired to cover TWEED and SWEENY with fulsome praise. The hand of the dextrous politician is seen every where. It was the chairman of the Democratic Committee who marshaled his Irish multitude and his wealthy citizens in a mad championship of fraud. For another year New York was given over to the public robbers; for one year more Mr. TILDEN had saved a host of criminals from the hands of justice. The Roman Catholic clubs felt his value; they snatched him from the fate of his associates, and converted him, reluctant and timid, into a reformer; they made him a Governor, they are resolved to have him for their President.

Shall they succeed? This is the question to be determined by the people of the North, and this is possibly the most important one ever presented for their decision. A clerical faction, a religious party, rules over our metropolis, menaces its free schools, robs its treasury, corrupts and defiles its citizens, and at last essays to spread its venomous tyranny over the very Union itself. This is no moment for soft language, and we who in the city of New York have felt the gross corruption and fearful rule of an ultramontane majority can best tell the nation of its effects. It is a dreadful and deadly thing. A papal and clerical rule saps the morals of politics, and produces a succession of public thieves and private robbers. For their political services it condones their crimes; to serve its own purposes it forces them into political office. From its stronghold in New York the Roman Catholic faction commands the people to choose Mr. TILDEN for their President. With one burst of generous indignation, let the people drive the foreign Church, its rebel allies, its depraved politicians, and all its savage adherents into utter confusion and obscurity.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

Weavers and Weft;

OR,

"LOVE THAT HATH US IN HIS NET."

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "A STRANGE WORLD," "DEAD MEN'S SHOES," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

SIR CYPRIAN HAS HIS SUSPICIONS.

SIR CYPRIAN DAVENANT had not forgotten that dinner at Richmond given by Gilbert Sinclair a little while before his departure for Africa, at which he had met the handsome widow to whom Mr. Sinclair was then supposed to be engaged. The fact was brought more vividly back to his mind by a circumstance that came under his notice the evening after he had accepted Lord Clanyarde's invitation to Marchbrook.

He had been dining at his club with an old college friend, and had consented, somewhat unwillingly, to an adjournment to one of the theatres near the Strand, at which a popular burlesque was being played for the three hundred and sixty-fifth time. Sir Cyprian entertained a cordial detestation of this kind of entertainment, in which the low comedian of the company enacts a distressed damsel in short petticoats and a flaxen wig, while pretty actresses swagger in costumes of the cavalier period, and ape the manners of the music-hall swell. But it was ten o'clock. The friends had recalled all the old Oxford follies in the days when they were undergraduates together in Tom Quad. They had exhausted these reminiscences and a magnum of Lafitte, and though Sir Cyprian would have gladly gone back to his chambers and his books, Jack Dunster, his friend, was of a livelier temperament, and wanted to finish the evening.

"Let's go and see *Hercules and Omphale* at the Kaleidoscope," he said. "It's no end of fun. Jeemson plays Omphale in a red wig, and Minnie Vavasour looks awfully fascinating in pink satin boots and a lion-skin. We shall be just in time for the breakdown."

Sir Cyprian assented with a yawn. He had seen fifty such burlesques as *Hercules and Omphale* in the days when such things had their charm for him too, when he could be pleased with a pretty girl in pink satin Hessians, or be moved to laughter by Jeemson's painted nose and falsetto scream.

They took a hansom and drove to the Kaleidoscope, a bandbox of a theatre screwed into an awkward corner of one of the narrowest streets in London—a street at which well-bred carriage-horses accustomed to the broad thoroughfares of Belgravia shied furiously.

It was December, and there was no one worth speaking of in town; but the little Kaleidoscope was crowded, notwithstanding. There were just a brace of empty stalls in a draughty corner for Sir Cyprian and Mr. Dunster.

The breakdown was just on, the pretty little Hercules flourishing his club, and exhibiting a white round arm with a diamond bracelet above the elbow. Omphale was showing her ankles, to the delight of the groundlings, the violins were racing one another, and the flute squeaking its shrillest in a vulgar nigger melody, accentuated by rhythmical bangs on the big drum. The audience were in raptures, and rewarded the exertions of band and dancers with a double recall. Sir Cyprian stifled another yawn and looked round the house.

Among the vacuous countenances, all intent on the spectacle, there was one face which was out of the common, and which expressed a supreme weariness. A lady sitting alone in a stage-box, with one rounded arm resting indolently on the velvet cushion—an arm that might have been carved in marble, bare to the elbow, its warm human ivory relieved by the yellow hue of an old Spanish point ruffle. Where had Cyprian Davenant seen that face before?

The lady had passed the first bloom of youth, but her beauty was of the character that does not fade with youth. She was of the Pauline Borghese type, a woman worthy to be modeled by a new Canova.

"I remember," said Sir Cyprian to himself. "It was at that Richmond dinner I met her. She is the lady Gilbert Sinclair was to have married."

He felt a curious interest in this woman, whose name even he had forgotten. Why had not Sinclair married her? She was strikingly handsome, with a bolder, grander beauty than Constance Clanyarde's fragile and poetic loveliness—a woman whom such a man as Sinclair might have naturally chosen. Just as such a man would choose a high-stepping chestnut horse, without being too nice as to fineness and delicacy of line.

"And I think from the little I saw that the lady was attached to him," mused Sir Cyprian.

He glanced at the stage-box several times before the end of the performance. The lady was quite alone, and sat in the same attitude, fanning herself languidly, and hardly looking at the stage. Just as the curtain fell, Sir Cyprian heard the click of the box door, and looking up, saw that a gentleman had entered. The lady rose, and he came a little forward to assist in the arrangement of her ermine-lined mantle.

The gentleman was Gilbert Sinclair.

"What did you think of it?" asked Jack Dunster, as they went out into the windy lobby, where people were crowded together waiting for their carriages.

"Abominable," murmured Sir Cyprian.

"Why, Minnie Vavasour is the prettiest actress in London, and Jeemson's almost equal to Toole."

"I beg your pardon. I was not thinking of the burlesque," answered Sir Cyprian, hastily.

Gilbert and his companion were just in front of them.

"Shall I go and look for your carriage?" asked Mr. Sinclair.

"If you like. But as you left me to sit out this dreary rubbish by myself all the evening, you might just as well have let me find my way to my carriage."

"Don't be angry with me for breaking my engagement. I was obliged to go out shooting with some fellows, and I didn't leave Maidstone till nine o'clock. I think I paid you a considerable compliment in traveling thirty miles to hand you to your carriage. No other woman could expect so much from me."

"You are not going back to Davenant to-night?"

"No; there is a supper on at the Albion. Lord Colsterdale's trainer is to be there, and I expect to get a wrinkle or two from him. A simple matter of business, I assure you."

"Mrs. Wulsingum's carriage!" roared the waterman.

"Mrs. Walsingham," thought Sir Cyprian, who was squeezed into a corner with his friend, walled up by opera-cloaked shoulders, and within ear-shot of Mr. Sinclair. "Yes, that's her name."

"That saves you all trouble," said Mrs. Walsingham. "Can I set you down any where?"

"No, thanks; the Albion's close by."

Sir Cyprian struggled out of his corner just in time to see Gilbert shut the brougham door and walk off through the December drizzle.

"So that acquaintance is not a dropped one," he thought. "It augurs ill for Constance."

Three days later he was riding out Barnet way, in a quiet country lane, as rural and remote in aspect as an accommodation road in the shires, when he passed a brougham with a lady in it—Mrs. Walsingham again, and again alone.

"This looks like fatality," he thought.

He had been riding Londonward, but turned his horse and followed the carriage. This solitary drive, on a dull, gray winter day, so far from London, struck him as curious. There might be nothing really suspicious in the fact. Mrs. Walsingham might have friends in this northern district. But after what he had seen at the Kaleidoscope, Sir Cyprian was inclined to suspect Mrs. Walsingham. That she still cared for Sinclair he was assured. He had seen her face light up when Gilbert entered the box; he had seen that suppressed anger which is the surest sign of a jealous, exacting love. Whether Gilbert still cared for her was an open question. His meeting her at the theatre might have been a concession to a dangerous woman rather than a spontaneous act of devotion.

Sir Cyprian followed the brougham into the sequestered village of Totteridge, where it drew up before the garden gate of a neat cottage with green blinds and a half-glass door—a cottage which looked like the abode of a spinster annuitant.

Here Mrs. Walsingham alighted and went in, opening the half-glass door with the air of a person accustomed to enter.

He rode a little way further, and then walked his horse gently back. The brougham was still standing before the garden gate, and Mrs. Walsingham was walking up and down a gravel-path by the side of the house with a woman and a child—a child in a scarlet hood, just able to toddle along the path, sustained on each side by a supporting hand.

"Some poor relation's child, perhaps," thought Cyprian. "A friendly visit on the lady's part."

He had ridden further than he intended, and stopped at the little inn to give his horse a feed of corn and an hour's rest, while he strolled through the village and looked at the old-fashioned church-yard. The retired spot was not without its interest. Yonder was Coppet Hall, the place Lord Melbourne once occupied, and which had, later, passed into the possession of the author of that splendid series of brilliant and various novels which reflect as in a magic mirror all the varieties of life from the age of Pliny to the eve of the Franco-Prussian war.

"Who lives in that small house with the green blinds?" asked Sir Cyprian, as he mounted his horse to ride home.

"It's been took furnished, Sir, by a lady from London for her nurse and baby."

"Do you know the lady's name?"

"I can't say that I do, Sir. They has their beer from the brewer, and pays ready money for every think. But I see the lady's brougham go by not above 'alf an hour ago."

"Curious," thought Sir Cyprian. "Mrs. Walsingham is not rising in my opinion."

CHAPTER XV.

"THEY LIVE TOO LONG WHO HAPPINESS OUTLIVE."

IN accepting Lord Clanyarde's invitation Cyprian Davenant had but one thought, one motive—to be near Constance. Not to see her. Dear as

she still was to him, he had no desire to see her. He knew that such a meeting could bring with it only bitterness for both. But he wanted to be near her, to ascertain at once and forever the whole unvarnished truth as to her domestic life, the extent of her unhappiness, if she was unhappy. Rumor might exaggerate. Even the practical solicitor James Wyatt might represent the state of affairs as worse than it was. The human mind leans to vivid coloring and bold dramatic effect. An ill-used wife and a tyrannical husband present one of those powerful pictures which society contemplates with interest. Society—represented generally by Lord Dundreary—likes to pity just as it likes to wonder.

At Marchbrook Sir Cyprian was likely to learn the truth, and to Marchbrook he went, affecting an interest in pheasants, and in Lord Clanyarde's conversation, which was like a rambling and unrevised edition of the *Greville Memoirs*, varied with turf reminiscences.

There was wonderfully fine weather in that second week of December—clear autumnal days, blue skies, and sunny mornings. The pheasants were shy, and after the first day Sir Cyprian left them to their retirement, preferring long lonely rides among the scenes of his boyhood, and half hours of friendly chat with ancient gaffers and goodies who remembered his father and mother, and the days when Davenant had still held up its head in the occupation of the old race.

"This noo gentleman, he do spend a power o' money; but he'll never be looked up to like old Sir Cyprian," said a gray-headed village sage, leaning over his gate to talk to young Sir Cyprian.

In one of his rounds Cyprian Davenant looked in upon the abode of Martha Briggs, who was still at home. Her parents were in decent circumstances, and not eager to see their daughter "suited" with a new service.

Martha remembered Sir Cyprian as a friend of Mrs. Sinclair's before her marriage. She had seen them out walking together in the days when Constance Clanyarde was still in the nursery; for Lord Clanyarde's youngest daughter had known no middle stage between the nursery and her Majesty's drawing-room. Indeed, Martha had had her own ideas about Sir Cyprian, and had quite made up her mind that Miss Constance would marry him.

She was therefore disposed to be confidential, and with very slight encouragement told Cyprian all about that sad time at Schönesthal, how her mistress had nursed her through a fever, and how the sweetest child that ever lived had been drowned through that horrid French girl's carelessness.

"It's all very well to boast of jumping into the river to save the darling," exclaimed Martha. "But why did she go and take the precious pet into a dangerous place? When I had her, I could see danger beforehand. I didn't want to be told that a hill was steep, or that grass was slippery. I never did like foreigners, and now I hate them like poison," cried Miss Briggs, as if under the impression that the whole continent of Europe was implicated in Baby Christabel's death.

"It must have been a great grief to Mrs. Sinclair," said Sir Cyprian.

"Ah, poor dear, she'll never hold up her head again," sighed Martha.

"I saw her in church last Sunday, in the beautifulest black bonnet, and if ever I saw any one going to heaven, it's her. And Mr. Sinclair will have a lot of company, and there are all the windows at Davenant blazing with light till past twelve o'clock every night—my cousin James is a pointsman on the Southeastern, and sees the house from the line—while that poor sweet lady is breaking her heart."

"But surely Mr. Sinclair would defer to his wife in these things," suggested Sir Cyprian.

"Not he, Sir. For the last twelve months that I was with my dear lady I seldom heard him say a kind word to her. Always snarling and sneering. I do believe he was jealous of that precious innocent because Mrs. Sinclair was so fond of her. I'm sure if it hadn't been for that dear baby my mistress would have been a miserable woman."

This was a bad hearing, and Sir Cyprian went back to Marchbrook that evening sorely depressed.

He had declined to visit Davenant with Lord Clanyarde, owning frankly that there was no friendly feeling between Gilbert Sinclair and himself. Lord Clanyarde perfectly understood the state of the case, but affected to be supremely ignorant. He was a gentleman whose philosophy was to take things easy. Not to disturb Camerina, or any other social lake beneath whose tranquil water there might lurk a foul and muddy bottom, was a principle with Lord Clanyarde. But the nobleman, though philosophic and easy-tempered, was not without a heart. There was a strain of humanity in the Sybarite and worldling, and when, at a great dinner at Davenant, he saw the impress of a broken heart upon the statuesque beauty of his daughter's face, he was touched with pity and alarm. To sell his daughter to the highest bidder had not seemed to him in anywise a crime; but he would not have sold her to age or deformity, or to a man of notoriously evil life. Gilbert Sinclair had appeared to him a very fair sample of the average young Englishman. Not stainless, perhaps. Lord Clanyarde did not inquire too closely into details. The suitor was good-looking, good-natured, open-handed, and rich. What more could any dowerless young woman require? Thus had Lord Clanyarde reasoned with himself when he hurried on his youngest daughter's marriage; and having secured for her this handsome establishment, he had given himself no further concern about her destiny. No daughter of the house of Clanyarde had ever appeared in the divorce court. Constance was a girl of high principles, always went to church on saints' days, abstained in Lent, and would be sure to go on all right.

But at Davenant, on this particular evening, Lord Clanyarde saw a change in his daughter that chilled his heart. He talked to her, and she answered him absently, with the air of one who only half understands. Surely this argued something more than grief for her dead child.

He spoke to Gilbert Sinclair, and gave frank utterance to his alarm.

"Yes, she is very low-spirited," answered Gilbert, carelessly; "still fretting for the little girl. I thought it would cheer her to have people about her—prevent her dwelling too much upon that unfortunate event. But I really think she gets worse. It's rather hard upon me. I didn't marry to be miserable."

"Have you had a medical opinion about her?" asked Lord Clanyarde, anxiously.

"Oh yes, she has her own doctor. The little old man who used to attend her at Marchbrook. He knows her constitution, no doubt. He prescribes tonics, and so on, and recommends change of scene by-and-by, when she gets a little stronger; but my own opinion is that if she would only make an effort, and not brood upon the past, she'd soon get round again. Oh, by-the-way, I hear you have Sir Cyprian Davenant staying with you."

"Yes, he has come down to shoot some of my pheasants."

"I didn't know you and he were so thick."

"I have known him ever since he was a boy, and knew his father before him."

"I wonder, as your estates joined, you did not knock up a match between him and Constance."

"That wouldn't have been much good, as he couldn't keep his estate."

"No. It's a pity that old man in Lincolnshire didn't take it into his head to die a little sooner."

"I find no fault with destiny for giving me you as a son-in-law, and I hope you are not tired of the position," said Lord Clanyarde, with a look that showed Gilbert he must pursue his insinuations no further.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE M'PHERSON STATUE.

THE tenth annual meeting of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee was held at Lincoln Hall, Washington, D. C., October 18. About 125 members were present, with a large number of spectators. General SHERMAN, president of the society, in calling the meeting to order, said that the day was set apart more especially for the unveiling and dedication of the M'Pherson Monument, which had been erected in Scott Square, Washington, in memory of the favorite soldier of the Army of the Tennessee.

At one o'clock a column was formed, under the command of Major-General DAVID HUNTER, chief marshal, consisting of mounted police, the Fort M'Henry Band, several companies of military, the Marine Corps and Band, the orator of the day (General LOGAN), and the chairmen of the respective committees of arrangement, prominent civil officers, the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, officers of the army and navy, invited guests, the Veteran Club, the Grand Army of the Republic, and officers, soldiers, and sailors who served during the late war, altogether making a fine display.

The statue, of which we give an engraving on page 897, was executed by LOUIS T. REBISSO. It is an equestrian figure, heroic in size. It is mounted upon a massive granite pedestal handsomely designed. M'PHERSON is represented as viewing the field of battle. He grasps the check reins of the spirited horse on which he is mounted, in his left hand, and his right hand holds a field-glass, which he appears to have just removed from his eyes. The figure is turned facing the west, toward which the general is represented as anxiously looking. The position is an easy and a natural one.

THE COLUMBUS STATUE.

THE Columbus Monument, presented to the city of Philadelphia by various Italian societies in this country, was unveiled with appropriate ceremonies October 12. It stands in the Park, at the junction of Belmont and Fountain avenues, and, as our engraving on page 897 will show, it is a noble and commanding work of art. The movement to erect this monument originated in Philadelphia about two years ago, when the Columbus Monument Association was organized, the call for aid in the enterprise being heartily responded to not only by the various Italian societies in the country, but by individuals who made personal contributions. Professor SALLA, of Florence, Italy, being applied to, sent over a design for a monument, which was adopted.

The monument cost $18,000. The statue is ten feet in height, and the pedestal twelve feet. The figure represents COLUMBUS, in the costume of his age and clime, standing on a ship's deck, near his feet being an anchor, coils of rope, and a sailor's dunnage bag, his right hand resting on a globe with the New World outlined on the front face and supported by a column; his left, gracefully extended, holds a chart.

The statue faces east, and on the front cap of the pedestal are the words, "Presented to the City of Philadelphia by the Italian Societies." Beneath this is a medallion representing the landing of COLUMBUS. On the opposite side of the cap is inscribed, "Dedicated October 12, 1876, by the Christopher Columbus Monument Association, on the Anniversary of the Landing of COLUMBUS, October 12, 1492." Underneath is the Genoese coat of arms, and the words, "In commemoration of the first century of American Independence." On the other two sides of the pedestal are the coats of arms of Italy and the United States.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

IN the summer of 1875 application was made by Mr. ROBERT P. R. DUFF, of San Francisco, through Mr. LIVINGSTON STONE, for 50,000 impregnated eggs of the California salmon, to be shipped to Napier, in the province of Hawkes Bay, in the northern part of New Zealand. Permission having been given to Mr. STONE, he put the eggs up in two packages of 25,000 each, and forwarded them to Mr. DUFF, who shipped them in the autumn on board the steamer. The ice on board gave out a few days before reaching Auckland, and there being some apprehension lest the further transportation to Napier would be endangered by the lack of ice, one crate of 25,000 eggs was left with the Auckland Acclimatization Society. The remaining crate was transhipped at Auckland in a small coasting steamer, which, instead of making the voyage in three days, as was usually the case, occupied two weeks, and when the eggs reached their destination they were all dead.

The Auckland portion, however, was successfully hatched out, with but a slight percentage of loss, and at last advices the young were in a very thriving condition, most of them having been already introduced into the rivers.

The success of this impromptu experiment intensified the desire of the agent of New Zealand to introduce salmon into that country, which had been somewhat dampened by the ill success made in the transportation of English salmon from London. Accordingly, on the 19th of May, Mr. DUFF renewed his application to the United States Commission for 50,000 more eggs in behalf of Napier, and Mr. T. F. CHEESEMAN, secretary of the Auckland Acclimatization Society, applied, through Messrs. CROSS & Co., of San Francisco, for 250,000 for the use of the Acclimatization Societies of Auckland, Canterbury, and Waryanni, in all cases offering to defray any expenses that might accrue.

Mr. STONE was instructed to meet these applications if the stock of eggs was sufficiently large, and simply to ask for the cost of packing the eggs and their shipment to San Francisco. His services were also invoked by these gentlemen in supplying instructions for the accommodation of the eggs on board, and their treatment under special emergencies. The expense of packing was estimated at about seventy cents per thousand.

There is every reason to believe that the California salmon will answer admirably in many parts of New Zealand and Australia, especially those the rivers of which rise in the mountain ranges, furnishing in their head waters a temperature required for this species. This is especially the case in Hawkes Bay, in New Zealand. An appropriation of one hundred and fifty pounds sterling was made by the New Zealand government to defray the expense of the eggs intended for Auckland, Canterbury, and Waryanni, the work being done by the societies in those places in behalf of the government.

Mr. BOWDLER SHARPE gives in *Nature* an account of Mr. D. C. STONE's expedition to New Guinea, from which we learn that Mr. STONE left Somerset, Australia, on the 21st of October, 1875, and after remaining a few days at Yule Island, reached Port Moresby, in New Guinea, on the 29th. Here, accompanied by two taxidermists, he commenced making collections in natural history, and succeeded in securing a large number of species, among them three described by Mr. SHARPE as new.

Various methods have been proposed for the preparation of an artificial leather from leather parings and trimmings; but the products have had the disadvantage of being without elasticity and of coming to pieces in water. SÖVENSEN, of Copenhagen, has lately patented an improved process for this work, in which the parings are first freed from impurities, and then worked by a special machine into a homogeneous mass. India rubber of any quality is then squeezed, washed, and cut in pieces, and dissolved in oil of turpentine, benzine, sulphide of carbon, or other suitable liquid. The leather is next mixed with ammoniac water, forming a gelatinous mass and well stirred, after which the two masses are united in a proper machine. In general, for sole leather, the composition consists of twenty-five parts of solid rubber with sixty-seven parts of the homogeneous mass of leather, and the whole pressed in moulds or rolled, after which it can be manipulated so as to be brought into any desired form.

The report of the director of the Central Park Menagerie, in New York, for the years 1874 and 1875, has been recently published, from which we learn that the total number of specimens exhibited during 1875 amounted to 1060. Owing to the limited amount of funds at the command of the director, but little has been done in the way of the purchase of specimens, nearly all the additions during that year consisting of 254 mammals, 273 birds, and twenty-seven reptiles, which were acquired by donation, deposit, or birth in the menagerie, only ten mammals and one bird having been bought, the cost of these purchases amounting to only $179, as compared with $4736 expended in 1871.

The expense of maintenance, including the salaries and wages, food for the animals, expressage, etc., amounted to $17,989. The value of the total stock in the menagerie amounts to about $51,000, two-thirds of which belong to depositors.

Archæologists who have been interested in the artistic merits of the carvings found within a few years past in the cave in Thayingen, in Switzerland, so similar in many respects to those of the reindeer caves of France, will be much disappointed to learn that they are now believed to be cleverly executed forgeries.

The loan collection of scientific instruments at South Kensington, London, continues to attract from 8000 to 12,000 visitors a week. From thirty to forty demonstrations of special pieces of apparatus and lectures upon the general subjects of the exhibition are given weekly. The various governments are sending special commissioners to examine and report upon the whole exhibition or upon special parts of it. The commissioners for astronomy or geodesy have been, from Germany, Professor Dr. BRUHNS, of Leipsic, and Dr. RÜMKER, of Hamburg; from Russia, Colonel JÄRNEFELT and Baron WRANGELL; from the United States, Professor HOLDEN, of Washington. During the early stages of the exhibition a large number of scientific men visited it. It is proposed to make this temporary loan collection the basis of a permanent science museum.

The experiments undertaken by the United States Fish Commission, several years ago, to stock the waters of Utah with anadromous fish promise a fair measure of success, the California salmon introduced in 1874 now measuring from seven to twelve inches in length, while those of 1875 are from five to seven inches long. These have been placed in the waters of Salt Lake County, as also those of Rich, Utah, and Davis counties.

Of the eels introduced several years ago, only a few inches long at the time, one of two feet in length was recently found dead in Salt Lake, and another was taken in the Provo River two feet two inches long, and weighing four pounds two ounces.

The Rev. R. ABBAY communicates to the *Philosophical Magazine* a description and explanation of a remarkable atmospheric phenomenon in Eastern Ceylon. It relates essentially to the appearance of an enormous elongated shadow of the mountain called Adam's Peak, as seen at sunrise, projecting to a distance of seventy or eighty miles to the westward. The rays forming the extremity of this shadow appeared to be reflected and refracted upward, as in the case of an ordinary mirage.

A decided curiosity in geology is a rock found in the island of St. Paul, of vegetable origin. This occurs in two caves in the island of Reunion, the soil of which proved to be decidedly combustible. It is of a yellow-gray color, soft to the touch, inodorous, easily broken up into fragments, igniting readily from a match, and burning with a short yellow flame with very little smoke or smell. In the investigation of the plant from which this soil of the caverns was derived, M. DE L'ISLE was led to examine successively the conifers, the cycades, and the lycopodes and ferns, and found that the last-mentioned group furnished the material of this soil, this in the form of tree ferns especially being very abundant in Reunion, and the pollen therefrom occurring in immense quantities at certain seasons of the year. It is supposed that the formation of this soil from the pollen of the fern is due to the substance having been brought in by water, and thus consolidated.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

ANITHER WEE WIFIE.—A couple belonging to one of the coast towns of Fife, who had been but a few months married, recently took advantage of the railway to Edinburgh to see the ceremonial at the laying of a foundation-stone. The young wife proposed staying a few days with her friends in Edinburgh, but it was necessary that her husband should proceed homeward by the boat on Saturday morning. To try the strength of his helpmate's affection, he remarked that he "doutit the boat wad be sae heavy laden that they wad a' gang to the bottom." "Dae ye think sae?" responded his affectionate partner. "Then, John Anderson, ye had better leave the key o' the house wi' me."

SAGEY.—When is a thief like a seamstress?—When he *cuts* and *runs*.

WHAT DID HE KEEP THAT IN HIS POCKET FOR?—A worthy barrister has a habit of taking his spectacles from his nose and twirling them in his hand. One day last week, while arguing a case, he became so deeply absorbed in the point he was making that, instead of his spectacles, he took a large corkscrew from his pocket and flourished it about for some time, to the infinite amusement of those who were present.

Why are troubles like babies?—Because they get bigger by nursing.

"Time works wonders," as the woman said when she got married after a thirteen years' courtship.

A popular writer, speaking of the ocean telegraph, wonders whether the news transmitted through the salt-water will be fresh.

PARTICULAR.—An extra-sentimental Nevada youth killed himself, leaving this as a reason: "My Annie is dead, and I must be with her, lest some rival angel should win her affection."

SINGULAR FACT.—"It's a proof of the singular operation of the human mind," says a mental philosopher, "that when two men accidentally exchange hats, the one who gets the worst tile is always the first to discover the mistake."

An old maid suggests that when men break their hearts, it is all the same as when a lobster breaks one of his claws—another sprouts immediately, and grows in its place.

"What kind of a carpet shall we get for the parson's study?" asked a church committee man of his colleague. "Ax-minster," was the comprehensive reply.

TOURISTS, BEWARE.—A hotel-keeper posts at his door this notice: "English, German, Italian, and Spanish spoken here." Arrives an Englishman, and in fantastic French asks for the interpreter. "Monsieur," replies the waiter, "there is none." "What! no interpreter? and yet you say on your sign that all the languages are spoken here." "Yes, Sir—by the travelers."

"Why are your cheeks like my ponies?" said a country beau to his talkative sweetheart, as soon as he could get a word in edgewise, after they had set out on their ride. "Is it because they're red?" said the blushing girl. "No; it's because there's one of them on each side of a waggin' tongue."

"What do you sell those fowls for?" inquired a person of a man attempting to dispose of some chickens of a questionable appearance. "I sell them for profits," was the answer. "Thank you for the information that they are prophets," responded the querist; "I took them to be patriarchs."

"No man can do any thing against his will," said a metaphysician. "Faith," said Pat, "I had a brother who went to prison against his will; faith, he did."

A LOCK THAT BURGLARS CAN NOT PICK—Wedlock.

THE STRAIGHT TIP.—Occasionally barbers get hold of a poor quality of bay-rum, and when such is applied to the face of a man just shaved, it smarts like fire for a few moments. A case of this kind occurred in one of our barbers' shops the other day. "Whoop! Hold! Holy Moses!" yelled the man, springing wildly from the chair, and clasping his burning cheeks with both hands. "You may skin me—that's all right; but I'll be essentially cussed if I am going to have pepper sauce rubbed on it afterward. Now, you hear me!"

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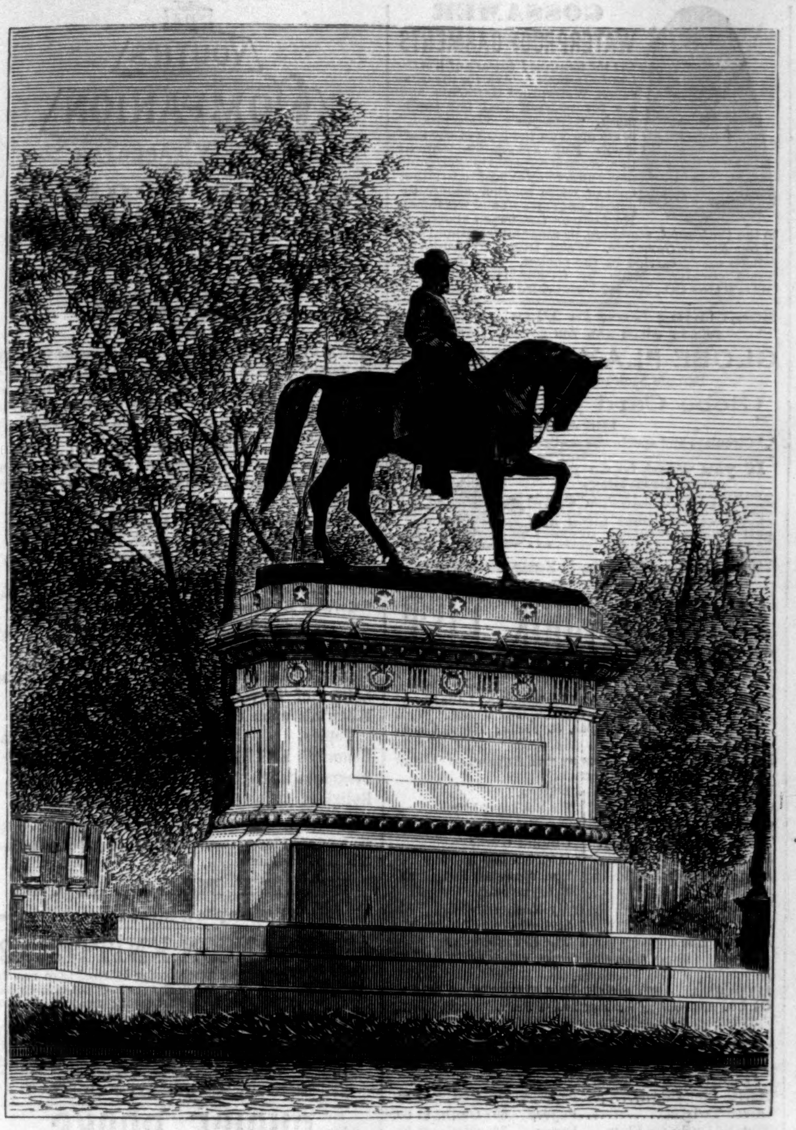
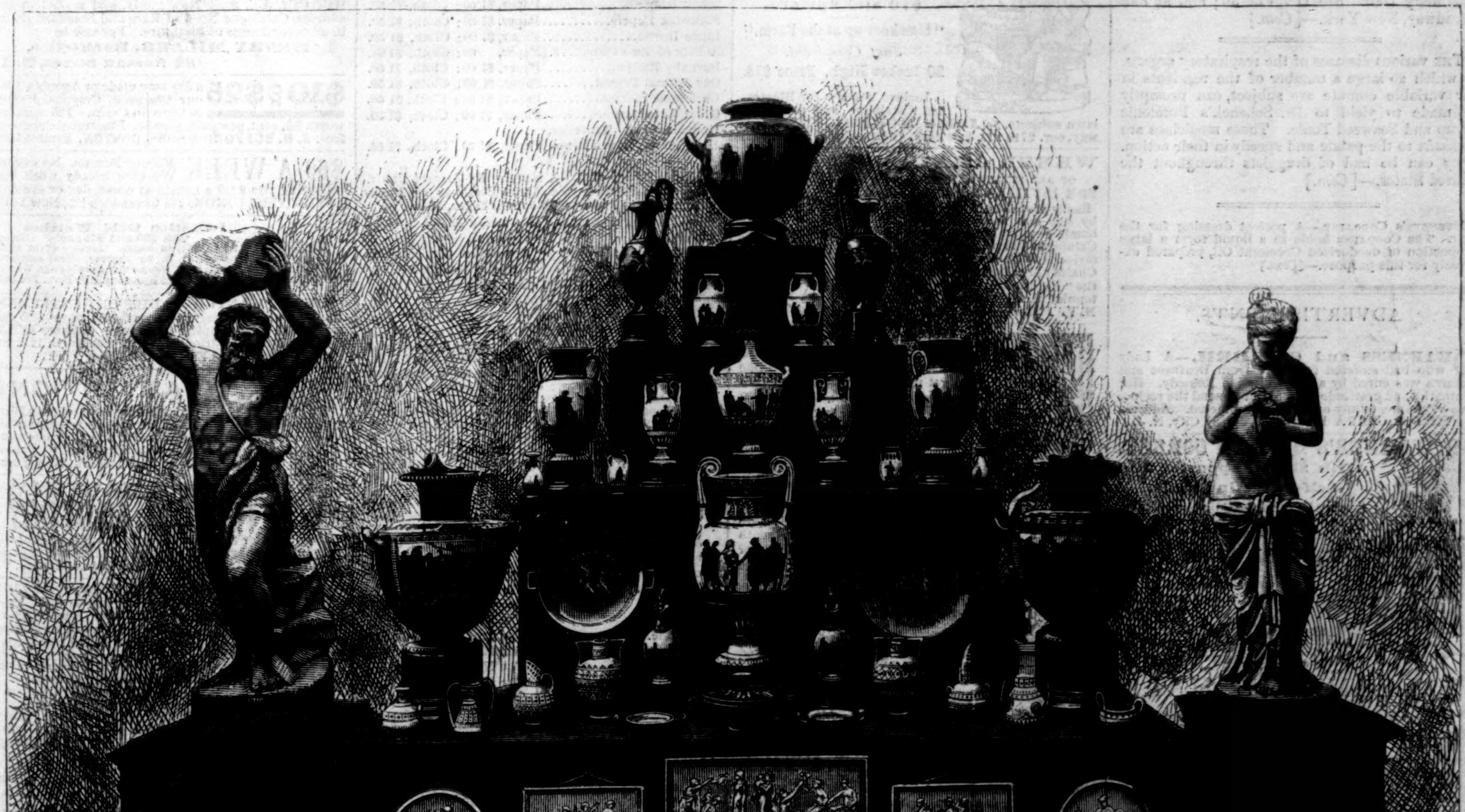


STATUE TO GENERAL M'PHERSON, WASHINGTON, D.C.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 895.]

STATUE TO COLUMBUS, PHILADELPHIA.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE CENTENNIAL PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY.—[SEE PAGE 895.]



THE CENTENNIAL—EXHIBITION OF DANISH POTTERY.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE CENTENNIAL PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY.—[SEE PAGE 890.]

A NEW DIET.

WHAT would be thought nowadays of making chestnuts the chief article of diet, and, what is more, thriving on such a regimen? True it is that in one part of Sicily the peasants in a great measure subsist on these nuts; but such fare here would be considered decidedly meagre. And yet Xenophon tells us in his history of the expedition of Cyrus that on the return journey, under his charge, of the remnant of the 10,000 Greeks who took part in that expedition, he came across a people who ate chestnuts in great quantities, boiling them and baking loaves of them. Furthermore, that he was shown some boys, sons of the higher class of people, who were extremely fat (having been fed on boiled chestnuts), very soft and fair-skinned, and almost equal in height and breadth. Will not this description—"soft and fair-skinned"—induce some of the gentler sex to try the effect of a course of boiled chestnuts? We would, however, add a word of warning: let them beware lest they, in their efforts to attain the one result, realize the other also, and find themselves becoming gradually "equal in height and breadth."

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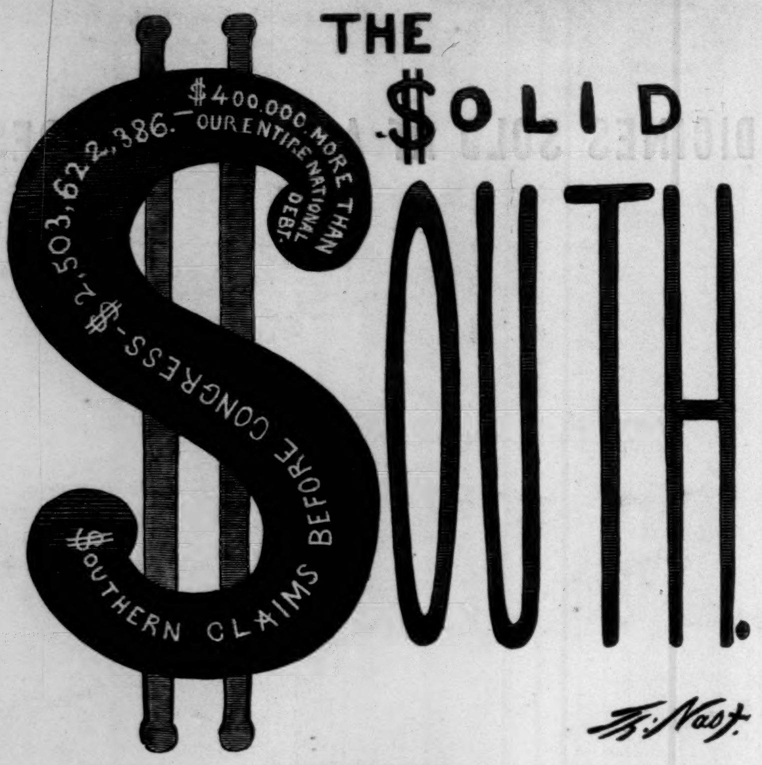

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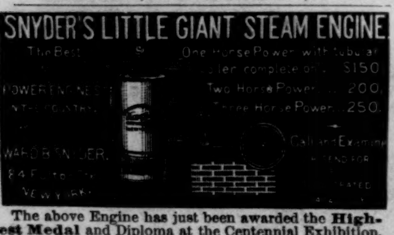

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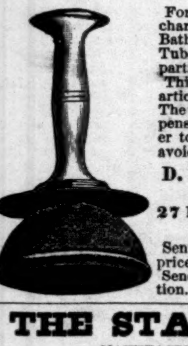

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THE WAR IN TRANSVAAL.

ZULU CAFFRES.

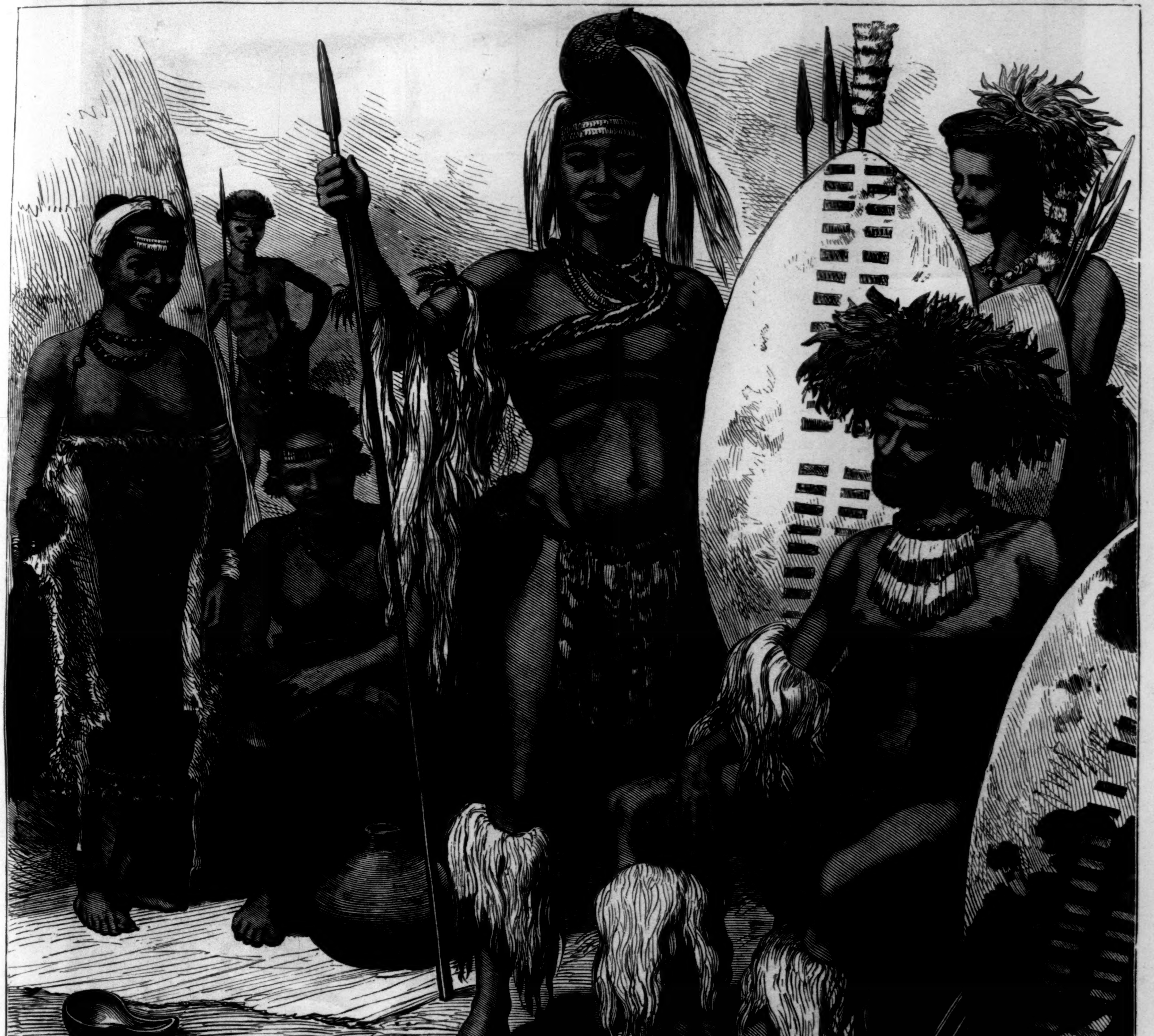
THE inhabitants of the Transvaal State, or "South African Republic," as it is officially called, are the descendants of the original Dutch colonists of the Cape, who, being discontented with British rule, principally on account of the restrictions which it placed on their mode of dealing with the native tribes, pushed into the wild country far inland, where they formed an independent state. These settlers, who are commonly known as the Boers—a Dutch term meaning agriculturist or farmer—first made their appearance in Southern Africa during the early part of the seventeenth century. At that time the Netherlands was a ruling maritime power, and its colonies in the vicinity of the Cape of Good Hope were growing up in proportions at least equal to those of the English in America. During the wars between LOUIS XIV. of France and the Netherlands there was even a time when the thought of a wholesale emigration of the Dutch to Africa, there to establish a new republic, was seriously entertained. But during the eighteenth century the colonizing power of the Dutch gradually slackened, and the adventurous spirit of the settlers stagnated. As the influence of fresh elements from Europe diminished, the original settlers of the Cape colony developed a peculiar character of their own in which the steadiness and deliberation of the Dutch were singularly blended with qualities called forth by constant intercourse with wild nature and savage tribes—daring recklessness, unconquerable energy, and distrust of all innovations tending to disturb a state of society which had been established through immense toil and danger.

Such were the Boers in 1814, when the Cape colony, after several political changes, became definitely a British possession. The Boers could never be reconciled to the change. The obstinacy with which they clung to their customs and traditions was an insuperable barrier between them and their new rulers. Always considering the British as invaders, they maintained a secret but constant opposition against all efforts to anglicize the colony. The inconsiderate policy of several Governors, who were unable to appreciate what the Boers had already done for the country, tended to increase the opposition. The vain attempts of the British authorities and missionaries to manufacture true loyal subjects out of the natives also disgusted the Boers. But when the British rulers went so far as to take sides with the Caffres against themselves, the disgust turned into indignation. The emancipation of the negro slaves, which took place in 1833, and threatened to overthrow the entire domestic system of the Boers, and the retrocession by government of the neutral eastern frontier district in 1835, exhausted their last remnants of patience. Like the Israelites in Egypt and the Mormons in America, they resolved upon carrying their household gods to some distant portion of the country, where they might establish a community according to their own habits of life independent of their oppressors.

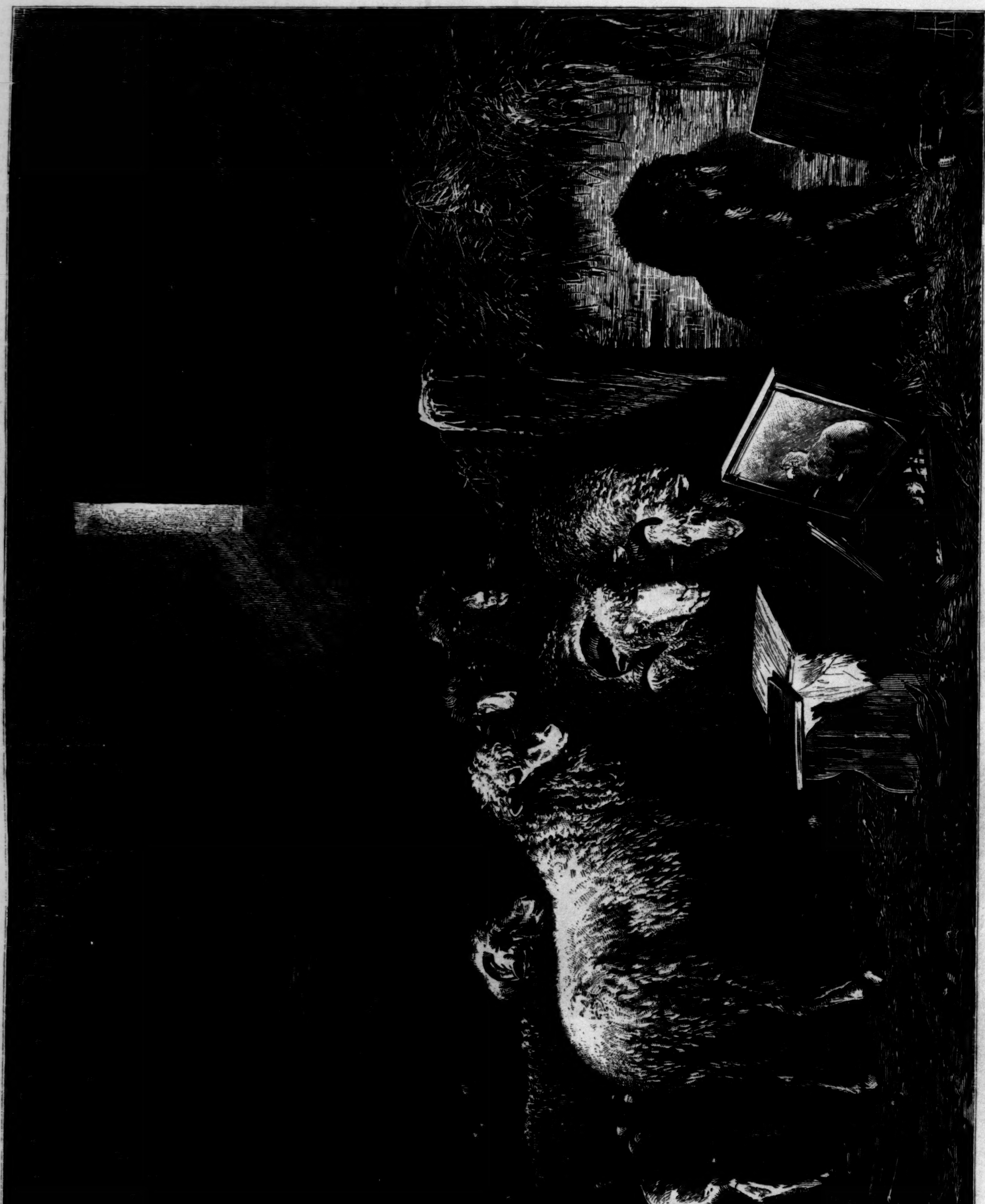
The *Trecken*, or emigration of the Boers, began. Port Natal, or Christmas Harbor, was to be their promised land, and for the next five years band after band left the old settlements and proceeded toward the north. In 1840 Governor NAPIER, by proclamation, denied their right to form an independent community, even beyond the boundaries of British possessions. Conflict ensued, and the Dutchmen, determined to be rid of their oppressors, pushed further on, and settled upon the banks of the Orange River. Here they were pursued by the British and subjugated. A portion of them, however, resolved to migrate once more; and under a general named PRETORIUS, they took possession of the district beyond the Vaal River, and there founded what is known as the Transvaal Republic. At length, when the wars with the Caffres in 1851 had taught the British government that a firm and united action on the part of the white population would be indispensable to save Southern Africa for European colonization, wiser counsels began to prevail, and in 1853 the relinquishment of the Orange River country to the Boers was decided upon. Since that time the two sister republics of Orange River and Transvaal have rapidly gained strength, and made great progress toward the firm establishment of the white races on African soil.

The tract of country occupied by the latter is bounded on the east by the Quathlamba Mountains, south by the Vaal River, and on the west and north by the Limpopo River and its tributary, the Meriqua. Its area has been variously estimated, one authority showing it to be 80,000 square miles, while according to another the extent is not less than 120,000. The physiognomy of the country is nearly the same as that of the Orange Republic, namely, an elevated table-land intersected by parallel mountain ranges in the east. The soil, however, consisting of sandy clay and loam, is much more fertile. Its rolling prairies are covered with excellent tall grass, interspersed with shrubs and magnificent trees. In the mountainous regions primeval forests are frequently met with. The climate is similar to that of Southern Europe. Its salubrity is proved by the large number of very old people and by the rapid natural increase of the population. All European and many tropical vegetables are grown without difficulty. Maize, pumpkins, water-melons, sweet-potatoes, tobacco, sugar-cane, fruit of all kinds, and grapes are raised in sufficient quantities for home consumption.

These advantages are all but neutralized, however, by the difficulty of communication with the sea-shore. It takes three weeks to reach Port Natal from the distant settlements of the Transvaal. The rivers, of which the country has a good number, are not at present navigable, but they may in time be improved so as to afford an outlet for the produce of the cultivated districts. The principal settlements are Potchefetrom (a town containing between one and two hundred houses), Rustenburg, Orichstadt, and Zoutpans-



THE WAR IN TRANSVAAL, SOUTH AFRICA—A GROUP OF ZULU CAFFRES.



"ART CRITICS."—[FROM A PAINTING BY OTTO GEBLER.]

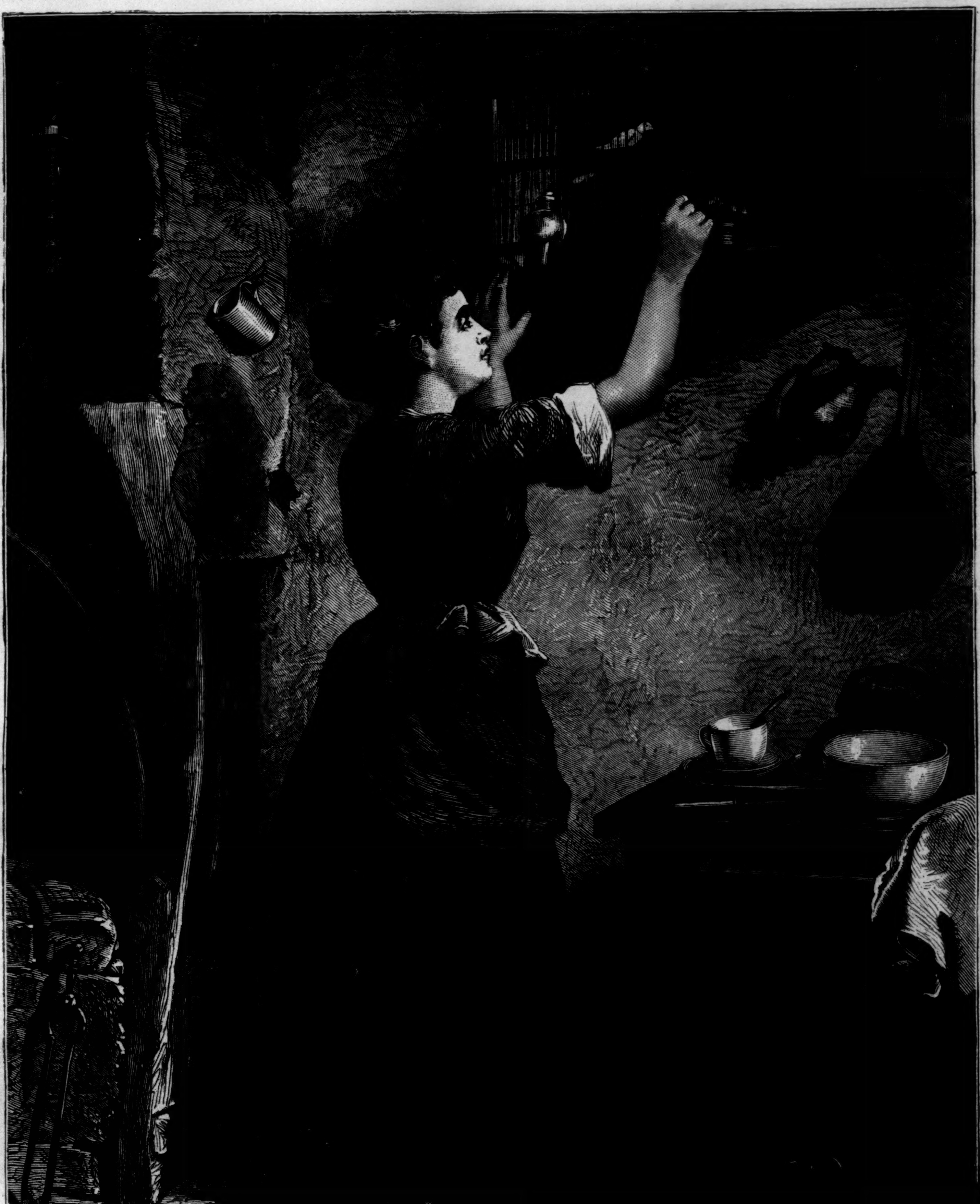
berg. These towns are laid out very regularly, and are well supplied with water. Hotels or inns are unheard-of institutions, but no Boer ever denied the rights of hospitality to strangers.

The political organization of Transvaal is democratic; but the Congress, or *Volksrad*, as it is called, has all legislative powers. The members of this latter body are elected by ballot, every white man of twenty-one years of age being entitled to a vote. Meetings are held four times every year at different places. The *Volksrad* appoints for each district or parish military and civil officers, commanders-in-chief, commanders, field cornets, landdrosts (governors), and heemraden. The landdrosts have administrative as well as judicial powers. They and their messengers are the only salaried officers. Every white man is entitled to a homestead of 3000 acres from the public lands. In May, 1870, diamonds were found on the banks of the Vaal River, near the missionary station of Pniel, in the district of Windburg, and also north of the river, in territory claimed by the Transvaal Republic. A large population was at once attracted to these diamond fields; and although the region was claimed by both republics, the miners organized a government of their own.

The war in which the Transvaal Republic is now engaged originated thus: Along the eastern border of the Boers' republic there are three powerful Caffre tribes, who bar the route to the sea-board at Delagoa Bay, and into the lands of these tribes the Boers are forever pushing their way. As the Transvaal State prohibits a native subject from holding land, and enforces a labor law which reduces the Caffres as nearly as possible to a state of slavery, its incursions are eminently abhorrent to the aborigines. Indeed, the method by which the Boers increase their territory and obtain their servants has, for some time past, aroused the indignation of others besides the unfortunate Caffres themselves. Dr. LIVINGSTONE, the able champion of the African race, describes their plan of operation thus: "One or two friendly tribes are forced to accompany a party of mounted Boers, and these expeditions can be got up only in winter, when horses may be used without danger of being lost by disease. When they reach the tribe to be attacked, the friendly natives are ranged in front, to form, as they say, 'a shield.' The Boers then coolly fire over their heads, till the devoted people flee and leave cattle, wives, and children to the captors. This was done in nine cases during my residence in the interior, and on no occasion was a drop of Boer's blood shed." And yet these Boers proudly boast themselves "Christians!" They have an immense contempt for the natives, and told Dr. LIVINGSTONE that he might as well try to teach baboons as Africans. They, however, declined a test which the missionary proposed—to be examined whether they or his native attendants could read best. In his opinion, they are nearly as degraded in some respects as the blacks whom they despise.

Another writer, in speaking of the Caffres, describes them in still more complimentary terms:

"They are a tall, well-made, and generally handsome people, of a dark brown or bronze color, and hair in short woolly tufts. They are brave, and in times of peace kind and hospitable to strangers. The men are affectionate husbands and fathers, and their minds have a peculiarly



"FEEDING THE PETS."—[FROM A PAINTING BY W. FYFE.]

acute and logical turn, which in many of our 'palavers' with them often gave them the best of the argument. They are an honest people, excepting, perhaps, as regards the article of cattle. Their huts, which are built by women, are of a bee-hive shape, composed of wattles stretched with grass, and a collection of them is called a 'kraal'—a word of Portuguese origin, signifying an inclosure. The general rule of the chiefs is patriarchal, they being assisted, however, by a number of 'pakati,' or councilors, whose advice is generally followed by the chief. He has absolute power over the property of his whole tribe, although he seldom exercises it. If any individual accumulates great wealth, an accusation of witchcraft is sure to make him disgorge it. Polygamy is allowed, and wives are generally purchased for cattle.

"Although their idea of God appears very indistinct and their feelings of veneration but small, yet they are very superstitious, and dread the influence of witches and sorcerers. They practice, in common with all other African nations, circumcision and many peculiar rites of purification, many of them analogous to those prescribed in the Mosaic law. But these rites appear both in Africa and Asia to have been generally practiced, and at an earlier date than that in which even the Jews adopted them."

In regard to the war, the Boers have so far met with very bad success, whether from the incapacity of their generals or their want of numbers. In more than one conflict they were only saved from utter defeat by their native Caffre allies, who have since withdrawn from the alliance, disgusted, it is said, with the treachery of the Dutch leaders and the indolence and cowardice of the white troops. Up to this time the Zulu Caffres within the province of Natal, who are computed to number 300,000, as well as their independent kinsfolk to the north, under their king, CETYWAYO, have remained perfectly quiet. But as the European population of Natal is but 18,000, it is to be hoped that an additional military force will be sent there without delay. The Zulu Caffres are a brave, intelligent, and generally well-disposed race of people, of whom we have heard much from Bishop COLENSO. They live by pasturing cattle, and their possessions of that kind are immense. The figures in our engraving, copied from a set of sketches by MR. GEORGE FRENCH ANGAS, represent the chief of a kraal or village at Inanda, whose name was UMZIMGULU, with another named UTEDWANA, of the Issikobosa kraal, and a lad and two or three women. The two chiefs are in full dress, their heads, legs, and arms being adorned with long plumes; but they have little clothing beyond a small apron, a helmet, and a breastplate or collar; they carry a white shield and a spear. The women wear petticoats of black ox-hide, the hairy side outward; one has on her bridal dress, adorned with large blue glass beads. They have red and white fillets across the forehead, and a flower or two may be stuck in the hair.